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UNIV.

Sir Samuel Garth

THE

DISPENSARY.

A

POEM.

In SIX *CANTO'S.*

---Hanc veniam petimuſque damuſque viciſſim.
Hor. de A. P.

The SEVENTH EDITION.
With ſeveral DESCRIPTIONS and EPISODES never before Printed.

LONDON:
Printed for JACOB TONSON, at *Shakeſpear's Head*, over-againſt *Catharine-Street* in the *Strand*. 1714.

TO

Anthony Henley, *Esq;*

Man of Your Character can no more Prevent a Dedication, than he wou'd Encourage one; for Merit, like a Virgin's Blushes, is still most discover'd, when it labours most to be conceal'd.

Dedication.

'Tis hard, that to think well of You, ſhou'd be but Juſtice, and to tell You ſo, ſhou'd be an Offence: Thus rather than violate Your Modeſty, I muſt be wanting to Your other Virtues; and to gratifie One good Quality, do wrong to a Thouſand.

The World generally meaſures our Eſteem by the Ardour of our Pretences; and will ſcarce believe that ſo much Zeal in the Heart, can be conſiſtent with ſo much Faintneſs in the Expreſſions; but when they reflect on Your Readineſs to do Good, and Your Induſtry to hide it; on Your Paſſion to oblige, and Your Pain to hear it own'd; They'll conclude, that Ac-

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D'Hell
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knowledgments wou'd be Ungrateful to a Person, who ev'n seems to receive the Obligations he confers.

But tho' I shou'd persuade my self to be silent upon all Occasions; those more Polite Arts, which, 'till of late, have Languish'd and Decay'd, wou'd appear under their present Advantages, and own You for one of their generous Restorers: Insomuch, that Sculpture now Breaths, Painting Speaks, Musick Ravishes; and as You help to refine Our Taste, You distinguish Your Own.

Your Approbation of this Poem, is the only Exception to the Opinion the World has of Your Judgment, that ought to relish nothing so much, as

what You Write Your ſelf: But You are reſolv'd to forget to be a Critick, by remembring You are a Friend. To ſay more, wou'd be uneaſie to You, and to ſay leſs, wou'd be unjuſt in

Your Humble Servant.

THE

THE PREFACE.

SINCE this following Poem in a manner ſtole into the World, I cou'd not be ſurpriz'd to find it uncorrect: Tho' I can no more ſay I was a Stranger to its coming abroad, than that I approv'd of the Publiſher's Precipitation in doing it: For a Hurry in the Execution, generally produces a Leiſure in Reflection; ſo when we run the faſteſt, we ſtumble the oftneſt. However, the Errors of the Printer have not been greater than the Candor of the Reader: And if I could but ſay the ſame of the Defects of the Author, he'd need no Juſtification againſt the Cavils of ſome furious Criticks, who, I am ſure, wou'd have been better pleas'd if they had met with more Faults.

Their Grand Objection is, That the Fury *Diſeaſe* is an improper Machine to recite Characters, and recommend the Example of preſent Writers: But tho' I had the Authority of ſome *Greek* and *Latin* Poets, upon parallel Inſtances, to juſtifie the Deſign; yet, that I might not introduce any thing that ſeem'd inconſiſtent or hard, I ſtarted this Objection my ſelf, to a Gentleman very remarkable in this ſort of Criticiſm, who wou'd by no means allow that the Contrivance was forc'd, or the Conduct incongruous.

Diſeaſe is repreſented a *Fury* as well as *Envy*: She is imagin'd to be forc'd by an Incantation from her Receſs; and to be reveng'd on the Exorciſt, mortifies him with an Introduction of ſeveral Perſons eminent in an Accompliſhment he has made ſome Advances in.

Nor is the Compliment leſs to any Great Genius mention'd there; ſince a very Fiend, who naturally repines at any Excellency, is forc'd to confeſs how happily They've all ſucceeded.

Their next Objection is, That I have imitated the *Lutrin* of Monſieur *Boileau*.

I muſt own I am proud of the Imputation; unleſs their Quarrel be, That I have not done it enough: But he that will give himſelf the trouble of examining, will find I have copy'd him in nothing but in two or three Lines in the Complaint of *Moleſſe*, *Canto* II. and in one in his Firſt *Canto*; the Senſe of which Line is intirely his, and I cou'd wiſh it were not the only good One in mine.

I have ſpoke to the moſt material Objections I have heard of, and ſhall tell theſe Gentlemen, That for ev'ry Fault they pretend to find in this *Poem*, I'll undertake to ſhew them two. One of theſe curious Perſons does me the Honour to ſay, He approves of the Concluſion of it; but I ſuppoſe 'tis upon no other Reaſon, but becauſe 'tis the Concluſion. However, I ſhou'd not be much concern'd not to be thought Excellent in an Amuſement I have very little practis'd hitherto, nor perhaps ever ſhall again.

Reputation of this ſort is very hard to be got, and very eaſie to be loſt; its Purſuit is painful, and its Poſſeſſion unfruitful: Nor had I ever attempted any thing in this kind, 'till finding the Animoſities among

the

the Members of the *College of Phyſicians* increaſing daily (notwithſtanding the frequent Exhortations of our Worthy Preſident to the contrary) I was perſuaded to attempt ſomething of this Nature, and to endeavour to Railly ſome of our diſaffected Members into a Senſe of their Duty, who have hitherto moſt obſtinately oppos'd all manner of Union; and have continu'd ſo unreaſonably refractory, that 'twas thought fit by the College, to reinforce the Obſervance of the Statutes by a Bond, which ſome of them wou'd not comply with, tho' none of 'em had refus'd the Ceremony of the cuſtomary Oath; like ſome that will truſt their Wives with any Body, but their Mony with none. I was ſorry to find there cou'd be any Conſtitution that was not to be cur'd without Poiſon, and that there ſhou'd be a Proſpect of effecting it by a leſs grateful Method than Reaſon and Perſuaſion.

The Original of this Difference has been of ſome ſtanding, tho' it did not break out to Fury and Exceſs 'till the time of Erecting the *Diſpenſary*, being an Apartment in the *College* ſet up for the Relief of the Sick Poor, and manag'd ever ſince with an Integrity and Diſintereſt ſuitable to ſo Charitable a Deſign. If

If any Perſon wou'd be more fully inform'd about the Particulars of ſo Pious a Work, I refer him to a Treatiſe ſet forth by the Authority of the Preſident and Cenſors, in the Year 97. 'Tis call'd, *A ſhort Account of the Proceedings of the College of Phyſicians*, London, *in relation to the Sick Poor*. The Reader may there not only be inform'd of the Riſe and Progreſs of this ſo Publick an Undertaking, but alſo of the Concurrence and Encouragement it met with from the moſt, as well as the moſt Ancient Members of the Society, notwithſtanding the vigorous Oppoſition of a few Men, who thought it their Intereſt to defeat ſo laudable a Deſign.

The Intention of this Preface is not to perſuade Mankind to enter into our Quarrels, but to vindicate the Author from being cenſur'd of taking any indecent Liberty with a Faculty he has the Honour to be a Member of. If the *Satyr* may appear directed at any particular Perſon, 'tis at ſuch only as are preſum'd to be engag'd in Diſhonourable Confederacies for mean and mercenary Ends, againſt the Dignity of their own Profeſſion. But if there be no ſuch, then theſe Characters are but imaginary,

nary, and by conſequence ought to give no Body Offence.

The Deſcription of the Battel is grounded upon a Feud that happen'd in the *Diſpenſary*, betwixt a Member of the *College* with his Retinue, and ſome of the Servants that attended there to diſpenſe the Medicines; and is ſo far real; tho' the Poetical Relation be fictitious. I hope no Body will think the Author too undecently reflecting thro' the whole, who being too liable to Faults himſelf, ought to be leſs ſevere upon the Miſcarriages of others. There is a Character in this trivial Performance, which the Town, I find, applies to a particular Perſon: 'Tis a Reflection which I ſhou'd be ſorry ſhou'd give Offence; being no more than what may be ſaid of any Phyſician remarkable for much Practice. The killing of numbers of Patients is ſo trite a piece of Raillery, that it ought not to make the leaſt Impreſſion either upon the Reader, or the Perſon 'tis apply'd to; being one that I think in my Conſcience a very able Phyſician, as well as a Gentleman of extraordinary Learning. If I am hard upon any one, 'tis my Reader: But ſome Worthy Gentlemen, as remarkable for their Humanity as their Extraordi-

nary

nary Parts, have taken care to make him amends for it, by prefixing ſomething of their own.

I confeſs thoſe Ingenious Gentlemen have done me a great Honour; but while they deſign an imaginary Panegyrick upon me, They have made a real one upon Themſelves; and by ſaying how much this ſmall Performance exceeds ſome others, They convince the World how far it falls ſhort of Theirs.

The Copy of an Inſtrument Subſcribed by the Preſident, Cenſor, moſt of the Elects, Senior Fellows, Candidates, &c. of the College of Phyſicians, in relation to the Sick Poor.

WHereas the ſeveral Orders of the College of Phyſicians, London, *for preſcribing Medicins* gratis *to the Poor Sick of the Cities of* London *and* Weſtminſter, *and Parts adjacent, as alſo the Propoſals made by the ſaid College to the Lord Mayor, Court of Aldermen and Common Council of* London, *in purſuance thereof, have hitherto been ineffectual, for that no Method hath been taken to furniſh the Poor with Medicins for their Cure at low and reaſonable Rates; we therefore whoſe Names are here under-written, Fellows or Members of the ſaid College, being willing effectually to promote ſo great a Charity, by the Counſel and good Liking of the Preſident and College declared in their* Comitia, *hereby (to wit, each of us ſeverally and apart, and not the one for the other of us) do oblige our ſelves to pay to Dr.* Thomas Burwell, *Fellow and Elect of the ſaid College, the Sum of Ten Pounds a-piece of Lawful Mony of* England, *by ſuch Proportions, and at ſuch Times as to the major Part*

of

of the Subſcribers hereto ſhall ſeem moſt convenient: Which Mony when received by the ſaid Dr. Thomas Burwell, *is to be by him expended in preparing and delivering Medicins to the Poor at their intrinſick Value, in ſuch Manner, and at ſuch Times, and by ſuch Orders and Directions, as by the major Part of the Subſcribers hereto, ſhall in Writing be hereafter appointed and directed for that Purpoſe. In Witneſs whereof we have hereunto ſet our Hands and Seals this Twenty Second Day of* December, 1696.

Tho. Millington, *Præſes.*
Tho. Burwell, *Elect and Cenſor.*
Sam. Collins, *Elect.*
Edw. Browne, *Elect.*
Rich. Torleſs, *Elect and Cenſor.*
Edw. Hulſe, *Elect.*
Tho. Gill, *Cenſor.*
Will. Dawes, *Cenſor.*
Jo. Hutton.
Rob. Brady.
Hans Sloane.
Rich. Morton.
John Hawys.
Ch. Harel.
Rich. Robinſon.
Joh. Bateman.
Walter Mills.
Dan. Coxe.
Henry Sampſon,
Thomas Gibſon.
Charles Goodall.
Edm. King.
Sam. Garth.
Barnh. Soame.
Denton Nicholas.
Joſeph Gaylard.
John Woollaſton.
Steph. Hunt.
Oliver Horſeman.
Rich. Morton, *Jun.*
David Hamilton.
Hen. Morelli.
Walter Harris.
William Briggs.
Th. Colladon.

Martin

Martin Liſter.	Tho. Alvery.
Jo. Colbatch.	Rob. Gray.
Bernard Connor.	John Wright.
W. Cockburn.	James Drake.
J. le Feure.	Sam. Morris.
P. Sylveſtre.	John Woodward.
Cha. Morton.	. . . . Norris.
Walt. Charlton.	George Colebrock.
Phineas Fowke.	Gideon Harvey.

The Deſign of Printing the Subſcribers Names, is to ſhew, that the late Undertaking has the Sanction of a College Act; and that 'tis not a Project carried on by Five or Six Members, as thoſe that oppoſe it would unjuſtly inſinuate.

To

To Dr. G——*th*, upon the *Diſpenſary*.

OH that ſome Genius, whoſe Poetick Vein,
Like M——gue's *cou'd a juſt Piece ſuſtain,*
Won'd ſearch the Græcian *and the* Latin *Store,*
And thence preſent thee with the pureſt Oar.
In laſting Numbers praiſe thy whole Deſign,
And Manly Beauty of each Nervous Line.
Show how your pointed Satyr's Sterling Wit
Does only Knaves, or formal Blockheads hit;
Who're gravely Dull, inſipidly Serene,
And carry all their Wiſdom in their Mein.
Whom thus expos'd, thus ſtrip'd of their Diſguiſe,
None will again Admire, moſt will Deſpiſe.
Show in what Noble Verſe Naſſau *you ſing,*
How ſuch a Poet's worthy ſuch a King.
When S——r's *Charming Eloquence you Praiſe,*
How loftily your Tuneful Voice you raiſe!
But my poor feeble Muſe is as unfit
To Praiſe, as Imitate what you have writ.
Artiſts alone ſhou'd venture to Commend
What D——s *can't Condemn, nor* D——n *Mend:*
What muſt, writ with that Fire and with that Eaſe,
The Beaux, the Ladies and the Criticks pleaſe.

C. BOYLE

TO MY

FRIEND the AUTHOR,

Deſiring My

Opinion of his POEM.

ASK me not, Friend what I Approve or Blame,
Perhaps I know not why I Like, or Damn;
I can be Pleas'd; and I dare own I am.
I read Thee over with a Lover's Eye,
Thou haſt no Faults, or I no Faults can ſpy;
Thou art all Beauty, or all Blindneſs I.
Criticks, and aged Beaux of Fancy chaſte,
Who ne'er had Fire, or elſe whoſe Fire is paſt,
Muſt judge by Rules what they want Force to Taſte.
I wou'd a Poet, like a Miſtreſs, try,
Not by her Hair, her Hand, her Noſe, her Eye;
But by ſome Nameleſs Pow'r, to give me Joy.
The Nymph has G——n's, C——l's, C——l's Charms
If with reſiſtleſs Fires my Soul ſhe warms
With Balm upon her Lips, and Raptures in her Arms.
Such is thy Genius, and ſuch Art is thine,
Some ſecret Magick works in ev'ry Line;
We judge not, but we feel the Pow'r Divine.
Where all is Juſt, is Beauteous, and is Fair,
Diſtinctions vaniſh of peculiar Air.

Loſt

Loſt in our Pleaſure, we Enjoy in you
Lucretius, Horace, S—d, M—gue.
And yet 'tis thought, ſome Criticks in this Town,
By Rules to all, but to themſelves, unknown,
Will Damn thy Verſe, and Juſtifie their own.
Why, let them Damn: Were it not wond'rous hard
Facetious M—— *and the City* B——
So near ally'd in Learning, Wit, and Skill,
Shou'd not have leave to Judge, as well as Kill?
Nay, let them write; Let them their Forces join,
And hope the Motly Piece may rival thine.
Safely deſpiſe their Malice, and their Toil,
Which Vulgar Ears alone will reach, and will defile.
Be it thy Gen'rous Pride to pleaſe the Beſt,
Whoſe Judgment, and whoſe Friendſhip is a Teſt.
With Learned H—— *thy healing Cares be join'd,*
Search thoughtful R——e *to his inmoſt Mind:*
Unite, reſtore your Arts, and ſave Mankind.
Whilſt all the buſie M——ls *of the Town*
Envy our Health, and pine away their own.
When e'er thou wou'dſt a Tempting Muſe engage,
Judicious W——h *can beſt direct her Rage.*
To S——s *and to* D——t *too ſubmit,*
And let their Stamp Immortalize thy Wit.
Conſenting Phœbus *bows, if they Approve,*
And Ranks thee with the foremoſt Bards above:
Whilſt theſe of Right the Deathleſs Laurel ſend,
Be it my Humble Buſ'neſs to Commend
The faithful, honeſt Man, and the well-natur'd Friend.

Chr. Codrington.

To my Friend, Dr. G——*th*, the Author of the *Diſpenſary*.

TO Praiſe your Healing Art would be in vain;
The Health you give, prevents the Poet's Pen.
Sufficiently confirm'd is your Renown,
And I but fill the Chorus of the Town.
That let me wave, and only now Admire
The dazling Rays of your Poetick Fire:
Which its diffuſive Virtue does diſpenſe,
In flowing Verſe, and elevated Senſe.

The Town, which long has ſwallow'd fooliſh Verſe,
Which Poetaſters ev'ry where rehearſe;
Will mend their Judgment now, refine their Taſte,
And gather up th' Applauſe they threw in waſte.
The Play-Houſe ſhan't Encourage falſe Sublime,
Abortive Thoughts, with Decoration-Rhime.

The Satyr of Vile Scribblers ſhall appear
On none, except upon themſelves, ſevere:
While yours Contemns the Gall of Vulgar Spight;
And when you ſeem to Smile the moſt, you Bite.

TO MY

FRIEND,

UPON THE

DISPENSARY.

As when the People of the Northern Zone
Find the Approach of the Revolving Sun,
Pleas'd and reviv'd, They ſee the new-born Light,
And dread no more Eternity of Night:

Thus We, who lately as of Summer's Heat
Have felt a Dearth of Poetry and Wit;
Once fear'd, Apollo *would return no more*
From warmer Climes, to an ungrateful Shore.
But You, the Fav'rite of the Tuneful Nine,
Have made the God in his full Luſtre ſhine;
Our Night have chang'd into a Glorious Day;
And reach'd Perfection in your firſt Eſſay:
So the young Eagle that his Force would try,
Faces the Sun, and tow'rs it to the Sky.

Others proceed to Art by ſlow Degrees,
Awkward at firſt, at length they faintly pleaſe.
And ſtill whate'er their firſt Efforts produce,
'Tis an Abortive, or an Infant Muſe:

While

Whilſt yours, like Pallas *from the Head of* Jove,
Steps out full grown, with Nobleſt Pace to move.
What ancient Poets to their Subject owe,
Is here inverted, and this owes to you:
You found it Little, but have made it Great;
They could Deſcribe, but you alone Create.

Now let your Muſe riſe with Expanded Wings,
To ſing the Fate of Empires, and of Kings;
Great WILLIAM's *Victories ſhe'll next rehearſe,*
And raiſe a Trophy of Immortal Verſe:
Thus to your Art proportion the Deſign,
And Mighty Things with Mighty Numbers join,
A Second Namur, *or a Future* Boyne.

H. BLOUNT.

THE

Can. 1. *Lud. du Guernier inv. et sculp.*

THE DISPENSARY.

CANTO I.

SPEAK, Goddeſs! ſince 'tis Thou that beſt canſt tell,
How ancient Leagues to modern Diſcord fell;
And why Phyſicians were ſo cautious grown
Of Others Lives, and lavish of their Own;
How by a Journey to th' *Elyſian* Plain
Peace triumph'd, and old Time return'd again.

Not far from that moſt celebrated Place,
Where angry * Juſtice ſhews her awful Face;
Where little Villains muſt ſubmit to Fate,
That great Ones may enjoy the World in State;
There ſtands a † Dome Majeſtick to the Sight,
And ſumptuous Arches bear its oval Height;

* *Old Baily.* † *College of Phyſicians.*

A golden Globe plac'd high with artful Skill,
Seems, to the diſtant Sight a gilded Pill:
This Pile was, by the Pious Patron's Aim,
Rais'd for a Uſe as Noble as its Frame:
Nor did the Learn'd Society decline
The Propagation of that great Deſign;
In all her Mazes, Nature's Face they view'd,
And as ſhe diſappear'd, their Search purſu'd.
Wrapt in the Shades of Night the Goddeſs lyes,
Yet to the Learn'd unveils her dark Diſguiſe,
But ſhuns the groſs Acceſs of vulgar Eyes.

Now ſhe unfolds the faint, and dawning Strife
Of infant Atoms kindling into Life:
How ductile Matter new Meanders takes,
And ſlender Trains of twiſting Fibres makes.
And how the Viſcous ſeeks a cloſer Tone,
By juſt degrees to harden into Bone;
While the more Looſe flow from the vital Urn,
And in full Tides of Purple Streams return;
How lambent Flames from Life's bright Lamp ariſe,
And dart in Emanations through the Eyes;
How from each Sluice a gentle Torrent pours,
To ſlake a feav'riſh Heat with ambient Show'rs.
Whence, their Mechanick Pow'rs, the Spirits claim,
How great their Force, how delicate their Frame:
How the ſame Nerves are faſhion'd to ſuſtain
The greateſt Pleaſure and the greateſt Pain.
Why bileous Juice a Golden Light puts on,
And Floods of Chyle in Silver Currents run.
How the dim Speck of Entity began
To exert its primogenial Heat and ſtretch to Man.

To how minute an Origin we owe
Young *Ammon*, *Ceſar*, and the Great *Maſſan*.
Why paler Looks impetuous Rage proclaim,
And why chill Virgins redden into Flame.
Why Envy oft transforms with wan Diſguiſe,
And why gay Mirth ſits ſmiling in the Eyes.
All Ice why *Lucrece*, or *Sempronia*, Fire,
Why *S*—— rages to ſurvive Deſire.
Whence *Milo's* Vigour at *Olympick's* ſhown,
Whence Tropes to *F*—— or Impudence to *S*——
How Matter, by the vary'd ſhape of Pores,
Or Idiots frames, or ſolemn Senators.

Hence 'tis we wait the wond'rous Cauſe to find,
How Body acts upon impaſſive Mind.
How Fumes of Wine the thinking Part can fire,
Paſt Hopes revive, and preſent Joys inſpire:
Why our Complexions oft our Soul declare,
And how the Paſſions in the Features are.
How Touch and Harmony ariſe between
Corporeal Figure, and a Form unſeen,
How quick their Faculties the Limbs fulfil,
And act at ev'ry Summons of the Will.
With mighty Truths, myſterious to deſcry,
Which in the Womb of diſtant Cauſes lye.

But now no grand Enquiries are deſcry'd,
Mean Faction reigns, where Knowledge ſhou'd preſide;
Feuds are encreas'd, and Learning laid aſide.
Thus *Synods* oft, Concern for Faith conceal;
And for important *Nothings* ſhow a Zeal:

The drooping Sciences neglected pine,
And *Pæan's* Beams with fading Luſtre ſhine.
No Readers here with Hectick Looks are found,
Or Eyes in Rheum thro' midnight-watching drown'd:
The lonely Edifice in Sweats complains
That nothing there but ſullen Silence reigns.

This Place ſo fit for undiſturb'd Repoſe,
The God of Sloth for his *Aſylum* choſe.
Upon a Couch of Down in theſe Abodes,
Supine with folded Arms he thoughtleſs nods,
Indulging Dreams his Godhead lull to Eaſe,
With Murmurs of ſoft Rills, and whiſp'ring Trees.
The *Poppy* and each numbing Plant diſpenſe
Their drowzy Virtue, and dull Indolence.
No Paſſions interrupt his eaſie Reign,
No Problems puzzle his Lethargick Brain,
But dark Oblivion guards his peaceful Bed,
And lazy Fogs hang ling'ring o'er his Head.

As at full length the pamper'd Monarch lay
Batt'ning in Eaſe and ſlumb'ring Life away,
A ſpiteful Noiſe his downy Chains unties,
Haſtes forward, and encreaſes as it flies.

Firſt, ſome to cleave the ſtubborn * Flint engage,
Till urg'd by Blows, it ſparkles into Rage,
Some temper Lute, ſome ſpacious Veſſels move;
Theſe Furnaces erect, and Thoſe approve.

* *The Building of the Diſpenſary.*

Here

Here Phyals in nice Diſcipline are ſet,
There Gally-pots are rang'd in Alphabet.
In this place Magazines of Pills you ſpy;
In that, like Forage Herbs in Bundles lye.
While lifted Peſtles brandiſh'd in the Air
Deſcend in Peals, and Civil Wars declare.
Loud Streaks, with pounding Spice the Fabrick rend,
And Aromatick Clouds in Spires aſcend.

So when the *Cyclops* o'er their Anvils ſweat,
And ſwelling Sinews ecchoing Blows repeat;
From the *Volcano's* groſs Eruptions riſe,
And curling Sheets of Smoke obſcure the Skies,

The ſlumb'ring God amaz'd at this new Din,
Thrice ſtrove to riſe, and thrice ſunk down again.
Liſtleſs he ſtretch'd, and gaping rubb'd his Eyes,
Then falter'd thus betwixt half Words and Sighs

How impotent a Deity am I!
With Godhead born, but curs'd, that cannot die!
Thro' my Indulgence, Mortals hourly ſhare
A grateful Negligence, and Eaſe from Care.
Lull'd in my Arms, how long have I with-held
The *Northern* Monarchs from the duſty Field.
How have I kept the *Britiſh* Fleet at Eaſe,
From tempting the rough Dangers of the Seas.
Hibernia owns the Mildneſs of my Reign,
And my Divinity's ador'd in *Spain*.
I Swains to *Sylvan* Solitudes convey,
Where ſtretch'd on Moſſy Beds, they waſte away,
In gentle Joys the Night, in Vows the Day.

What Marks of wond'rous Clemency I've ſhown,
Some Rev'rend *Worthies* of the Gown can own.
Triumphant Plenty, with a chearful Grace,
Basks in their Eyes, and ſparkles in their Face.
How ſleek their Looks, how goodly is their Mien,
When big they ſtrut behind a double Chin.
Each Faculty in Blandiſhments they lull,
Aſpiring to be venerably dull.
No learn'd Debates moleſt their downy Trance,
Or diſcompoſe their pompous Ignorance:
But undiſturb'd, they loiter Life away,
So wither Green, and bloſſom in Decay.
Deep ſunk in Down, they, by my gentle Care,
Avoid th'Inclemencies of Morning Air.
And leave to tatter'd * *Crape* the Drudgery of Pray'r.

Urim was civil, and not void of Senſe,
Had Humour, and a courteous Confidence.
So ſpruce he moves, ſo gracefully he cocks;
The hallow'd *Roſe* declares him Orthodox.
He paſs'd his eaſie Hours, inſtead of Pray'r,
In Madrigals, and *Phillifing* the Fair.
Conſtant at Feaſts, and each *Decorum* knew;
And ſoon as the *Deſſert* appear'd, withdrew.
Always obliging and without Offence,
And fancy'd for his gay Impertinence.
But ſee how ill miſtaken Parts ſucceed;
He threw off my Dominion, and would read;
Engag'd in Controverſie, wrangled well;
In *Convocation*-Language cou'd excel.

* *See Boil. Lut.*

In

In Volumes prov'd the Church without Defence,
By nothing guarded but by *Providence*:
How Grace and Moderation diſagree;
And Violence advances Charity.
Thus writ 'till none would read, becoming ſoon
A wretched Scribler, of a rare Buffoon.

Mankind my fond propitious Pow'r has try'd,
Too oft to own, too much to be deny'd:
And all I ask are Shades and ſilent Bow'rs,
To paſs in ſoft Forgetfullneſs my Hours.
Oft have my Fears ſome diſtant *Villa* choſe,
O'er their *Quietus* where fat *Judges* doſe,
And lull their Cough and Conſcience to repoſe:
Or if ſome *Cloyſter*'s Refuge I implore,
Where holy *Drones* o'er dying Tapers ſnore:
The Peals of * *Naſſau* Arms theſe Eyes uncloſe,
Mine he moleſts, to give the World Repoſe.
That Eaſe I offer with Contempt He flies,
His Couch a Trench, his Canopy the Skies.
Nor Climes nor Seaſons his Reſolves controul,
Th' *Æquator* has no Heat, no Ice the *Pole*.
With Arms reſiſtleſs o'er the Globe he flies,
And leaves to *Jove* the Empire o'the Skies.

But as the ſlothful God to yawn begun,
He ſhook off the dull Miſt, and thus went on.

'Twas in this rev'rend Dome I ſought Repoſe,
Theſe Walls were that *Aſylum* I had choſe.

* *See Boil. Lut.*

Here have I rul'd long undiſturb'd with Broils,
And laugh'd at Heroes and their glorious Toils.
My Annals are in mouldy Mildews wrought,
With eaſie Inſignificance of Thought.
But now ſome buſie, enterprizing Brain
Invents new Fancies to renew my Pain,
And labours to diſſolve my eaſie Reign.

With that, the God his darling *Phantom* calls,
And from his falt'ring Lips this Meſſage falls:

Since Mortals will diſpute my Pow'r, I'll try
Who has the greateſt Empire, they or I.
Find *Envy* out, ſome Prince's Court attend,
Moſt likely there you'll meet the famiſh'd Fiend.
Or where dull Criticks Author's Fate foretell;
Or where ſtale Maids or meager Eunuchs dwell.
Tell the Bleak Fury what new Projects reign,
Among the Homicides of *Warwick Lane*.
And what th' Event, unleſs ſhe ſtrait enclines
To blaſt their Hopes, and baffle their Deſigns.

More he had ſpoke, but ſudden Vapours riſe,
And with their ſilken Cords tie down his Eyes.

THE

Can. 2. *Lud. du Guernier inv. et sculp.*

THE DISPENSARY.

CANTO II.

SOON as the Ev'ning veil'd the Mountains Heads,
And Winds lay hush'd in ſubterranean Beds;
Whilſt ſick'ning Flow'rs drink up the Silver Dew,
And *Beaus*, for ſome *Aſſembly*, dreſs anew;
The City Saints to Pray'rs and Play-houſe haſte;
The Rich to Dinner, and the Poor to Reſt:
Officious Phantom then prepar'd with Care
To ſlide on tender Pinions through the Air.
Oft he attempts the Summit of a Rock,
And oft the Hollow of ſome blaſted Oak;
At length approaching where bleak *Envy* lay,
The hiſſing of her Snakes proclaim'd the way.

Beneath the gloomy Covert of an Yew,
That taints the Graſs with ſickly Sweats of Dew;
No verdant Beauty entertains the Sight,
But baneful Hemlock, and cold Aconite;

In

In a dark Grott the baleful Haggard lay,
Breathing black Vengeance, and infecting Day.
But how deform'd, and worn with ſpightful Woes,
When *Accius* has Applauſe *Dorſennus* ſhows.
The cheerful Blood her meager Cheeks forſook,
And Baſilisks ſate Brooding in her Look.
A bald and bloated Toad-ſtool rais'd her Head;
The Plumes of boding Ravens were her Bed.
From her chapp'd Noſtrils ſcalding Torrents fall,
And her ſunk Eyes boil o'er in Floods of Gall.
Volcano's labour thus with inward Pains,
Whilſt Seas of melted Oar lay waſte the Plains.

Around the Fiend in hideous Order ſate
Foul bawling Infamy, and bold Debate:
Gruff Diſcontent, thro' Ignorance miſ-led,
And clam'rous Faction at her Party's Head:
Reſtleſs Sedition ſtill diſſembling Fear,
And ſly Hypocriſie with Pious Leer. *

Glouting with ſullen Spight the Fury ſhook
Her clotter'd Locks, and blaſted with each Look,
Then tore with canker'd Teeth the pregnant Scrolls,
Where Fame the Acts of Demy-Gods enrolls,
And as the rent Records in pieces fell,
Each Scrap did ſome Immortal Action tell.

This ſhow'd, how fix'd as Fate *Torquatus* ſtood,
That, the fam'd Paſſage of the *Granick* Flood;
The *Julian* Eagles, here, their Wings diſplay,
And there, like ſetting Stars, the *Decii* lay;
This does *Camillus* as a God extol,
That points at *Manlius* in the Capitol;

* *See* Dryd. *Fab.*

How *Cocles* did the *Tyber*'s Surges brave,
How *Curtius* plung'd into the gaping Grave.
Great *Cyrus*, here, the *Medes* and *Perſians* join,
And, there, th' immortal Battle of the *Boyn*.

As the light Meſſenger the Fury ſpy'd,
A while his crudling Blood forgot to glide:
Confuſion on his fainting Vitals hung,
And falt'ring Accents ſtutter'd on his Tongue.
At length aſſuming Courage, he convey'd
His Errand, then he ſhrunk into a Shade.

The Hag lay long revolving what might be
The bleſt Event of ſuch an Embaſſie.
Then blazons in dread Smiles her hideous Form,
So Light'ning gilds the unrelenting Storm.
Thus ſhe —— Mankind are bleſs'd, they riot ſtill
Unbounded in Exorbitance of Ill.
By Devaſtation the rough Warrior gains,
And Farmers fatten moſt when Famine reigns;
For ſickly Seaſons the Phyſicians wait,
And Politicians thrive in Broils of State.
The Lover's eaſie when the Fair One ſighs,
And Gods ſubſiſt not but by Sacrifice.

Each other Being ſome Indulgence knows,
Few are my Joys, but infinite my Woes.
My preſent Pain *Britannia*'s Genius wills,
And thus the Fates record my future Ills.

A Heroine ſhall *Albion*'s Scepter bear,
With Arms ſhall vanquiſh Earth, and Heav'n with Pray'r.

She

She on the World her Clemency ſhall ſhow'r,
And only to preſerve, exert her Pow'r.
Tyrants ſhall then their impious Aims forbear,
And *Blenheim's* Thunder, more than * *Ætna's*, fear.

Since by no Arts I therefore can defeat
The happy Enterprizes of the Great,
I'll calmly ſtoop to more inferior Things;
And try if my lov'd Snakes have Teeth or Stings.

She ſaid; and ſtrait ſhrill *Colon's* Perſon took,
In Morals looſe, but moſt preciſe in Look.
Black-Fryars Annals lately pleas'd to call
Him Warden of *Apothecaries-Hall.*
And, when ſo dignify'd, did not forbear
That Operation which the Learn'd declare
Gives Cholicks eaſe, and makes the Ladies fair.
In trifling Show his Tinſel Talent lies,
And Form the want of Intellects ſupplies.
In Aſpect grand and goodly He appears.
Rever'd as Patriarchs in primæval Years.
Hourly his Learn'd Impertinence affords
A barren Superfluity of Words.
The Patient's Ears remorſeleſs he aſſails,
Murthers with Jargon where his Med'cine fails.

The Fury thus aſſuming *Colon's* Grace,
So ſlung her Arms, ſo ſhuffl'd in her Pace.
Onward ſhe haſtens to the fam'd Abodes,
Where *Horoſcope* invokes th'infernal Gods;

* *In Ætna were forg'd the Thunderbolts which Jove employ'd againſt the Ambition of the Giants.*

And

And reach'd the Manſion where the Vulgar run,
For Ruin throng, and pay to be undone.

This *Viſionario* various Projects tries,
And knows, that to be Rich is to be Wiſe.
By uſeful Obſervations he can tell
The ſacred Charms, that in true Sterling dwell.
How Gold makes a *Patrician* of a Slave,
A Dwarf an *Atlas*, a *Therſites* brave.
It cancels all Defects, and in their Place
Finds Senſe in *Br*——, Charms in Lady *G*——e
It guides the Fancy, and directs the Mind;
No Bankrupt ever found a Fair One kind.

So truly *Horoſcope* its Virtue knows,
To this lov'd Idol 'tis, alone, he bows;
And fancies ſuch bright Heraldry can prove,
The vile *Plebeian* but the third from *Jove*.

Long has he been of that amphibious Fry,
Bold to Preſcribe, and buſie to Apply.
His Shop the gazing Vulgar's Eyes employs
With Foreign Trinkets, and Domeſtick Toys.

Here, *Mummies* lay moſt reverendly ſtale,
And there, the *Tortois* hung her Coat o'Mail;
Not far from ſome hugh *Shark*'s devouring Head
The flying Fiſh their finny Pinions ſpread.
Aloft in Rows large Poppy Heads were ſtrung,
And near, a ſcaly Alligator hung.
In this place, Drugs in muſty Heaps decay'd,
In that, dry'd Bladders, and drawn Teeth were laid.

An inner Room receives the num'rous Shoals,
Of ſuch as pay to be reputed Fools.
Globes ſtand by Globes, Volumes on Volumes lye,
And Planetary Schemes amuſe the Eye.
The Sage, in Velvet Chair, here lolls at Eaſe,
To promiſe future Health for preſent Fees.
Then, as from *Tripod* ſolemn Shams reveals,
And what the Stars know nothing of, foretels.

One asks how ſoon *Panthea* may be won,
And longs to feel the Marriage Fetters on.
Others, convinc'd by melancholy Proof,
Enquire when courteous Fates will ſtrike 'em off.

Some, by what means they may redreſs the Wrong,
When Fathers the Poſſeſſion keep too long.
And ſome would know the Iſſue of their Cauſe,
And whether Gold can ſolder up its Flaws.
Poor pregnant *Lais* his Advice would have,
To loſe by Art what fruitful Nature gave:
And *Portia* old in Expectation grown,
Laments her barren Curſe, and begs a Son.
Whilſt *Iris*, his Coſmetick *Waſh* would try,
To make her Bloom revive, and Lovers die.
Some ask for Charms, and others Philters chuſe,
To gain *Corinna*, and their Quartans loſe.
Young *Hylas*, botch'd with Stains too foul to name,
In Cradle here renews his Youthful Frame:
Cloy'd with Deſire, and ſurfeited with Charms,
A Hot-Houſe he prefers to *Julia*'s Arms.
And old *Lucullus* wou'd th' *Arcanum* prove,
Of kindling in cold Veins the Sparks of Love.

Bleak

Bleak Envy theſe dull Frauds with Pleaſure ſees,
And wonders at the ſenſeleſs Myſteries.
In *Colon*'s Voice ſhe thus calls out aloud
On *Horoſcope* environ'd by the Crowd.

Forbear, forbear, thy vain Amuſements ceaſe,
Thy *Wood-Cocks* from their *Gins* a while releaſe;
And to that dire Misfortune liſten well.
Which thou ſhoud'ſt fear to know, or I to tell.
'Tis true, thou ever waſt eſteem'd by me
The great *Alcides* of our *Company*.
When we with Noble Scorn reſolv'd to eaſe
Our ſelves from all Parochial Offices;
And to our Wealthier Patients left the Care,
And draggl'd Dignity of Scavenger:
Such Zeal in that Affair thou didſt expreſs,
Nought cou'd be equal but the great Succeſs.
Now call to mind thy Gen'rous Proweſs paſt,
Be what thou ſhou'dſt, by thinking what thou waſt.
The Faculty of *Warwick-Lane* Deſign,
If not to Storm, at leaſt to Undermine:
Their Gates each day Ten thouſand Night-caps crowd,
And Mortars utter their Attempts aloud.
If they ſhould once unmask our Myſtery,
Each Nurſe, erè long, wou'd be as learn'd as We;
Our Art expos'd to ev'ry Vulgar Eye,
And none, in Complaiſance to us, would dye.
What if We claim their Right t'Aſſaſſinate,
Muſt they needs turn *Apothecaries* ſtrait?
Prevent it, Gods! all Stratagems we try,
To crowd with new Inhabitants your Sky.

'Tis

'Tis we who wait the Deſtinies Command,
To purge the troubled Air, and weed the Land.
And dare the *College* inſolently aim
To equal our Fraternity in Fame?
Then let *Crabs* Eyes with *Pearl* for Virtue try,
Or *Highgate-Hill* with lofty *Pindus* vie:
So *Glow-worms* may compare with *Titan*'s Beams,
And *Hare-Court* Pump with *Aganippe*'s Streams.

Our Manufactures now they meanly ſell,
And their true Value treacherouſly tell:
Nay, They diſcover too, (their ſpight is ſuch,)
That Health, than Crowns more valu'd, coſts not much.
Whilſt we muſt ſteer our Conduct by theſe Rules,
To cheat as Tradeſmen, or to ſtarve as Fools

At this fam'd *Horoſcope* turn'd pale, and ſtraight
In Silence tumbled from his Chair of State.
The Crowd in great Confuſion ſought the Door,
And left the *Magus* fainting on the Floor.
Whilſt in his Breaſt the Fury breath'd a Storm,
Then ſought her Cell, and reaſſum'd her Form.
Thus from the Sore altho' the Inſect flies,
It leaves a Brood of Maggots in Diſguiſe.

Officious *Squirt* in haſte forſook the Shop,
To ſuccour the expiring *Horoſcope*.
Oft he eſſay'd the *Magus* to reſtore,
By Salt of *Succinum*'s prevailing Pow'r;
Yet ſtill ſupine the ſolid Lumber lay
An Image of ſcarce animated Clay;

Till

'Till Fates, indulgent when Diſaſters call,
By *Squirt*'s nice Hand apply'd a Urinal;
The Wight no ſooner did the Steam receive,
But rous'd, and bleſs'd the ſtale Reſtorative.
The Springs of Life their former Vigour feel,
Such Zeal he had for that vile Utenſil.

So when the Great *Pelides*, *Thetis* found,
He knew the Sea-weed Scent, and th'Azure Goddeſs own'd.

THE

Lud. du Guernier inv. et sculp.

THE DISPENSARY.

CANTO III.

ALL Night the Sage in Penſive Tumults lay,
Complaining of the ſlow Approach of Day;
Oft turn'd him round, and ſtrove to think no more
Of what ſhrill *Colon* ſaid the Day before.
Cowſlips and *Poppies* o'er his Eyes he ſpread,
And *S* —— Works he laid beneath his Head.
But thoſe bleſs'd Opiats ſtill in vain he tries,
Sleep's gentle Image his Embraces flies.
Tumultuous Cares lay rolling in his Breaſt,
And thus his anxious Thoughts the Sage expreſt.

Oft has this Planet roll'd around the Sun,
Since to conſult the Skies I firſt begun:
Such my Applauſe, ſo mighty my Succeſs,
Some granted my Predictions more than Gueſs.

But, doubtful as I am, I'll entertain
This Faith, There can be no Miſtake in Gain.
For the dull World moſt Honour pay to thoſe
Who on their Underſtanding moſt impoſe.
Firſt Man creates, and then he fears the Elf,
Thus others cheat him not but he himſelf:
He loaths the Subſtance and he loves the Show;
You'll ne'er convince a Fool, Himſelf is ſo:
He hates Reallities, and hugs the Cheat,
And ſtill the only Pleaſure's the Deceit.
So Meteors flatter with a dazling Dye
Which no Exiſtence has, but in the Eye.
At diſtance Proſpects pleaſe us, but when near,
We find but deſart Rocks, and fleeting Air.
From Stratagem to Stratagem we run,
And he knows moſt, who lateſt is undone.

Mankind one Day ſerene and free appear;
The next, they're cloudy, ſullen, and ſevere:
New Paſſions, new Opinions ſtill excite,
And what they like at Noon, they leave at Night.
They gain with Labour, what they quit with Eaſe,
And Health for want of Change, becomes Diſeaſe.
Religion's bright Authority they dare,
And yet are Slaves to Superſtitious Fear.
They Counſel others, but themſelves Deceive,
And tho' they're Cozen'd ſtill, they ſtill Believe.
So proud of Praiſe, for That their Eaſe they ſlight;
Yet never think the Rabble in the right.
Thus Prieſts their Pagan Gods profanely mock;
And know that Sacrifice is only Smoke.
They find, if ſome great Enterpriſe they view,
Oft more to Folly, than to Prudence due.

Or if ſome matchleſs Conduct ſhou'd appear,
They call the Valour, Heat; the Caution, Fear.
So falſe their Cenſure, fickle their Eſteem,
This Hour they Worſhip; and the next Blaſpheme.
Tho' honour'd as ſome God a *Hero* ſhines,
And Valour executes what Skill deſigns;
Tho' reſcu'd Nations their Deliv'rance own,
And Monarchs ſit unſhaken on a Throne,
Whilſt proud Oppreſſors their vain Hopes give o'er,
And tremble at the Chains They forg'd before;
Yet if th'amazing Iſſue we ſurvey,
We find that *Fame* has Wings, and flies away.

Shall I then, who with penetrating Sight
Inſpect the Springs that guide each Appetite:
Who with unfathom'd Searches hourly pierce
The dark Receſſes of the Univerſe,
Be aw'd, if puny Emmets wou'd oppreſs;
Or fear their Fury, or their Name careſs?
If all the Fiends that in low Darkneſs reign,
Be not the Fictions of a fickly Brain,
That Project, the * *Diſpenſary* they call,
Before the Moon can blunt her Horns, ſhall fall.

With that, a Glance from mild *Aurora*'s Eyes
Shoots thro' the Chryſtal Kingdoms of the Skies;
The Savage Kind in Foreſts ceaſe to roam,
And Sots o'ercharg'd with nauſeous Loads reel home.
Drums, Trumpets, Haut-boys wake the ſlumbring Pair;
Whilſt Bridegroom ſighs, and thinks the Bride leſs fair.
Light's chearful Smiles o'er th'Azure Waſte are ſpread,
And Miſs from Inns o'Court bolts out unpaid.

* *Medicines made up there, for the uſe of the Poor.*

The Sage tranſported at th'approaching Hour,
Imperiouſly thrice thunder'd on the Floor;
Officious *Squirt* that Moment had acceſs,
His Truſt was great, his Vigilance no leſs.
To him thus *Horoſcope*,

My kind Companion in this dire Affair,
Which is more light, ſince you aſſume a Share;
Fly with what haſte you us'd to do of old,
When *Clyſter* was in danger to be cold:
With Expedition on the Beadle call,
To ſummon all the *Company* to th' *Hall*.

Away the friendly Coadjutor flies,
Swift as from Phyal Steams of *Harts-horn* riſe.
The *Magus* in the int'rim mumbles o'er
Vile Terms of Art to ſome Infernal Pow'r,
And draws Myſterious Circles on the Floor.
But from the gloomy Vault no glaring Spright
Aſcends, to blaſt the tender Bloom of Light.
No myſtick Sounds from *Hell*'s deteſted Womb,
In dusky Exhalations upwards come.
And now to raiſe an Altar He decrees,
To that devouring Harpy call'd *Diſeaſe*.
Then Flow'rs in Caniſters he haſtes to bring,
The wither'd Product of a blighted Spring.
With cold *Solanum* from the *Pontick* Shore,
The Roots of *Mandrake* and Black *Ellebore*,
The Griper *Senna*, and the Puker *Rue*,
The Sweetner *Saſſafras* are added too;
And on the Structure next he heaps a load
Of *Sulphur*, *Turpentine* and *Maſtick* Wood:

Gums,

Gums, Foſſiles too the Pyramid increas'd,
A *Mummy* next, once Monarch of the Eaſt.
Then from the Compter he takes down the File,
And with Preſcriptions lights the ſolemn Pile.

Feebly the Flames on clumſie Wings aſpire,
And ſmoth'ring Fogs of Smoke benight the Fire.
With Sorrow he beheld the ſad Portent,
Then to the Hag theſe *Orizons* he ſent.

Diſeaſe! thou ever moſt propitious Pow'r,
Whoſe kind Indulgence we diſcern each Hour;
Thou well canſt boaſt thy num'rous Pedigree
Begot by Sloth, maintain'd by Luxury.
In gilded Palaces thy Proweſs reigns,
But flies the humble Sheds of Cottage Swains:
To You ſuch Might and Energy belong,
You nip the Blooming, and unnerve the Strong.
The Purple Conqueror in Chains you bind,
And are to us your Vaſſals only kind.

If, in return, all Diligence we pay
To fix your Empire, and confirm your Sway,
Far as the weekly Bills can reach around,
From *Kent-ſtreet* end to fam'd St. *Giles's-Pound*;
Behold this poor Libation with a Smile,
And let auſpicious Light break through the Pile.

He ſpoke; and on the Pyramid he laid
Bay-Leaves and Vipers Hearts, and thus he ſaid;
As *Theſe* conſume in this myſterious Fire,
So let the curs'd *Diſpenſary* * expire;

* *See the Alluſion. Theoc. Pharm.*

And as *Thoſe* crackle in the Flames, and die,
So let its Veſſels burſt, and Glaſſes fly.
But a ſiniſter Cricket ſtrait was heard,
The Altar fell, the Off'ring diſappear'd.
As the fam'd Wight the Omen did regret,
Squirt brought the News the *Company* was met.

Nigh where *Fleet-Ditch* deſcends in ſable Streams,
To waſh his ſooty *Naiads* in the *Thames*;
There ſtands a * Structure on a riſing Hill,
Where *Tyro's* take their Freedom out to kill.
Some Pictures in theſe dreadful Shambles tell,
How by the *Delian* God, the *Pithon* fell;
And how *Medea* did the *Philter* brew,
That cou'd in *Æſon's* Veins young Force renew.
How mournful, † *Myrrha* for her Crimes appears,
And heals hyſterick Matrons ſtill with Tears.
How *Mentha* and *Althea*, Nymphs no more,
Revive in ſacred Plants, and Health reſtore.
How ſanguine Swains their am'rous Hours repent,
When Pleaſure's paſt, and Pains are permanent;
And how frail Nymphs, oft by Abortion, aim
To loſe a Subſtance, to preſerve a Name.

Soon as each Member in his Rank was plac'd,
Th'Aſſembly *Diaſenna* thus addreſs'd.

My kind Confederates, if my poor Intent,
As 'tis ſincere, had been but prevalent,
We here had met on ſome more ſafe Deſign,
And on no other Buſ'neſs but to Dine;

* *Apothecaries Hall.* † *See Ov. Met.*

The

The *Faculty* had ſtill maintain'd their Sway,
And Int'reſt then had bid us but obey;
This only Emulation we had known,
Who beſt cou'd fill his Purſe, and thin the Town.
But now from gath'ring Clouds Deſtruction pours,
Which ruins with mad Rage our *Halcyon* Hours:
Miſts from black Jealouſies the Tempeſt form,
Whilſt late Diviſions reinforce the Storm.
Know, when theſe Feuds, like thoſe at Law, are paſt,
The Winners will be Loſers at the laſt.
Like Heroes in Sea-Fights we ſeek Renown,
To fire ſome Hoſtile Ship, we burn our own.
Who-e'er throws Duſt againſt the Wind, deſcries
He throws it, in effect, but in his Eyes.
That Juggler which another's Slight will ſhew,
But teaches how the World his own may know.

Thrice happy were thoſe golden Days of old,
When dear as *Burgundy*, *Piſans* were ſold;
When Patients choſe to die with better Will,
Than breathe, and pay th' *Apothecary*'s Bill.
And cheaper than for our Aſſiſtance call,
Might go to *Aix* or *Bourbon*, Spring and Fall.

Then Prieſts increas'd, and Piety decay'd,
Churchmen the Church's Purity betray'd;
Their Lives and Doctrine, Slaves and Atheiſts made.
The Laws were but the hireling Judge's Senſe;
Juries were ſway'd by venal Evidence.
Fools were promoted to the Council-Board,
Tools to the Bench, and Bullies to the Sword.

Penſions in Private were the Senate's Aim;
And Patriots for a Place abandon'd Fame.

But now no influencing Art remains,
For *S——rs* has the Seal, and *Naſſau* reigns.
And we, in ſpight of our Reſolves, muſt bow,
And ſuffer by a Reformation too.
For now late Jars our Practices detect,
And Mines, when once diſcover'd, loſe Effect.
Diſſentions, like ſmall Streams, are firſt begun,
Scarce ſeen they riſe, but gather as they run:
So Lines that from their Parallell decline,
More they proceed, the more they ſtill diſ-join.
'Tis therefore my Advice, in haſte we ſend,
And beg the *Faculty* to be our Friend;
Send ſwarms of Patients, and our Quarrels end.
So awful *Beadles*, if the *Vagrant* treat,
Strait turn familiar, and their *Faſces* quit.
In vain we but contend, that Planet's Pow'r
Thoſe Vapours can diſperſe it rais'd before.

As He prepar'd the Miſchief to recite,
Keen *Colorynthis* paus'd and foam'd with Spight,
Sow'r Ferments on his ſhining Surface ſwim,
Work up to Froth and bubble o'er the Brim:
Not *Beauties* fret ſo much if Freckles come,
Or Noſe ſhou'd redden in the Drawing-Room;
Or *Lovers* that miſtake th'appointed Hour,
Or in the lucky Minute want the Pow'r.

Thus He——Thou Scandal of great *Paan's* Art,
At thy Approach, the Springs of Nature ſtart,

The

The Nerves unbrace: Nay, at the Sight of thee,
A Scratch turns Cancer, Itch a Leproſie.
Cou'dſt thou propoſe, That we, the *Friends* o'Fates,
Who fill *Church-yards*, and who unpeople States,
Who baffle Nature, and diſpoſe of Lives,
Whilſt *Ruſſel*, as we pleaſe, or ſtarves, or thrives,
Shou'd e'er ſubmit to their deſpotick Will,
Who out o'Conſultation ſcarce can kill?
The tow'ring *Alps* ſhall ſooner ſink to Vales,
And *Leaches*, in our Glaſſes, ſwell to *Whales*;
Or *Norwich* trade in Implements of Steel,
And *Bromingham* in Stuffs and Druggets deal!
Allys at *Wapping* furniſh us new Modes,
And *Monmouth* ſtreet, *Verſailles* with Riding-hoods;
The Sick to th' *Hundreds* in pale Throngs repair,
And change the *Gravel-Pits* for *Kentiſh* Air.
Our Properties muſt on our Arms depend;
'Tis next to Conquer, bravely to Defend.
'Tis to the Vulgar, Death too harſh appears;
The ill we feel is only in our Fears.

To Die, is Landing on ſome ſilent Shoar,
Where Billows never break, nor Tempeſts roar:
E'er well we feel the friendly Stroke, 'tis o'er.
The Wiſe thro' Thought th'Inſults of Death defy;
The Fools, thro' bleſs'd Inſenſibility.
'Tis what the Guilty fear, the Pious crave;
Sought by the Wretch, and vanquiſh'd by the Brave.
It eaſes Lovers, ſets the Captive free;
And, tho' a Tyrant, offers Liberty.

Sound but to Arms, the Foe ſhall ſoon confeſs
Our Force encreaſes, as our Funds grow leſs;
And what requir'd ſuch Induſtry to raiſe,
We'll ſcatter into nothing as we pleaſe.
Thus they'll acknowledge, to Annihilate
Shews no leſs wond'rous Pow'r than to Create.
We'll raiſe our num'rous Cohorts and oppoſe
The feeble Forces of our pigmy Foes;
Legions of Quacks ſhall join us on the Place,
From Great *Kirleus* down to *Doctor Caſe*.
Tho' ſuch vile Rubbiſh ſink, yet we ſhall riſe;
Directors ſtill ſecure the greateſt Prize.
Such poor Supports ſerve only like a Stay;
The Tree once fix'd, its *Reſt* is torn away.

So Patriots, in the time of Peace and Eaſe,
Forget the Fury of the late Diſeaſe:
On Dangers paſt, ſerenely think no more;
And curſe the Hand that heal'd the Wound before.

Arm therefore, gallant Friends, 'tis Honour's Call,
Or let us boldly Fight, or bravely Fall.

To this the *Seſſion* ſeem'd to give Conſent,
Much lik'd the War, but dreaded much th' Event.
At length, the growing Diff'rence to compoſe,
Two Brothers, nam'd *Aſcarides*, aroſe.
Both had the Volubility of Tongue,
In Meaning faint, but in Opinion ſtrong.
To ſpeak they both aſſum'd a like Pretence,
The Elder gain'd his juſt Pre-eminence;

Thus

Thus he: 'Tis true, when Privilege and Right
Are once invaded, Honour bids us Fight.
But e'er we once engage in Honour's Cauſe,
Firſt know what Honour is, and whence it was.

Scorn'd by the Baſe, 'tis courted by the Brave,
The Heroe's Tyrant, and the Coward's Slave.
Born in the noiſie Camp, it lives on Air;
And both exiſts by Hope and by Deſpair.
Angry when e'er a Moment's Eaſe we gain,
And reconcil'd at our Returns of Pain.
It lives, when in Death's Arms the Heroe lies,
But when his Safety he conſults, it dies.
Bigotted to this Idol, we diſclaim
Reſt, Health, and Eaſe, for nothing but a Name.

Then let us, to the Field before we move,
Know, if the Gods our Enterprize approve.
Suppoſe th'unthinking Faculty unvail
What we, thro' wiſer Conduct, wou'd conceal;
Is't Reaſon we ſhou'd quarrel with the Glaſs
That ſhews the monſtrous Features of our Face?
Or grant ſome grave Pretenders have of late
Thought fit an Innovation to create;
Soon they'll repent, what raſhly they begun;
Tho' Projects pleaſe, Projectors are undone.
All Novelties muſt this Succeſs expect,
When good our Envy; and when bad, Neglect:
If Reaſon cou'd direct, e'er now each Gate
Had born ſome Trophy of Triumphal State.
Temples had told how *Greece* and *Belgia* owe
Troy and *Namur* to *Jove* and to *Naſſau*.

Then

Then ſince no Veneration is allow'd,
Or to the real, or th' appearing Good;
The Project that we vainly apprehend,
Muſt, as it blindly roſe, as vilely end.
Some Members of the Faculty there are,
Who Int'reſt prudently to Oaths prefer.
Our Friendſhip with feign'd Airs they poorly court,
And boaſt their Politicks are our Support.
Them we'll conſult about this Enterprize,
And boldly Execute what they Adviſe.

But from below (while ſuch Reſolves they took)
Some *Aurum Fulminans* the * Fabrick ſhook.
The Champions, daunted at the Crack, retreat,
Regard their Safety, and their Rage forget.

So when at *Bathos* Earth's big Offspring ſtrove
To ſcale the Skies, and wage a War with *Jove*;
Soon as the *Aſs* of old *Silenus* bray'd,
The trembling Rebels in Confuſion fled.

* *The Room the Apothecaries meet in, is over the Laboratory.*

THE

Lud. du Guernier inv. et Sculp.

THE DISPENSARY.

CANTO IV.

NOT far from that frequented Theater,
Where wand'ring Punks each Night at Five repair;
Where Purple Emperors in Buskins tread,
And rule imaginary Worlds for Bread;
Where *Bently*, by Old Writers, wealthy grew,
And *Briſcoe* lately was undone by New:
There triumphs a *Phyſician* of Renown,
To none, but ſuch as ruſt in Health, unknown.
None e'er was plac'd more fitly to impart
His known Experience, and his healing Art.
When *Bur*——*ſs* deafens all the liſtning Preſs
With Peals of moſt Seraphick Emptineſs;
Or when Myſterious *F*——*n* mounts on high,
To preach his Pariſh to a Lethargy:
This *Æſculapius* waits hard by, to eaſe
The *Martyrs* of ſuch Chriſtian Cruelties.

Long

Long has this darling Quarter of the Town,
For Lewdneſs, Wit, and Gallantry been known.
All Sorts meet here, of whatſoe'er Degree,
To blend and juſtle into Harmony.
The Criticks each advent'rous Author ſcan,
And praiſe or cenſure as They like the Man.
The Weeds of Writings for the Flowers They cull;
So nicely Taſteleſs, ſo correctly Dull!
The Politicians of *Parnaſſus* prate,
And Poets canvaſs the Affairs of State;
The Cits ne'er talk of Trade and Stock, but tell
How *Virgil* writ, how bravely *Turnus* fell.
The Country-Dames drive to *Hippolito's*,
Firſt find a Spark, and after loſe a Noſe.
The Lawyer for Lac'd Coat the Robe does quit,
He grows a Mad-man, and then turns a Wit.
And in the Cloiſter penſive *Strephon* waits,
'Till *Chloe's* Hackney comes, and then retreats;
And if th'ungenerous Nymph a Shaft lets fly
More fatally than from a ſparkling Eye,
Mirmillo, that fam'd *Opifer*, is nigh.

The trading Tribe oft thither throng to Dine,
And want of Elbow-room ſupply in Wine.
Cloy'd with Variety, they ſurfeit there,
Whilſt the wan Patients on thin Gruel fare.
'Twas here the Champions of the Party met,
Of their Heroick Enterprize to treat.
Each Heroe a tremendous Air put on,
And ſtern *Mirmillo* in theſe Words begun:

'Tis

'Tis with Concern, my Friends, I meet you here;
No Grievance you can know, but I muſt ſhare.
'Tis plain my Int'reſt you've advanc'd ſo long,
Each Fee, tho' I was mute, wou'd find a Tongue.
And in return, tho' I have ſtrove to rend
Thoſe Statutes, which on Oath I ſhould defend;
Such Arts are Trifles to a gen'rous Mind,
Great Services as great Returns ſhou'd find.
And you'll perceive, this Hand, when Glory calls,
Can brandiſh Arms as well as Urinals.

Oxford and all her paſſing Bells can tell,
By this Right Arm, what mighty Numbers fell.
Whilſt others meanly ask'd whole Months to ſlay,
I oft diſpatch'd the Patient in a Day:
With Pen in Hand I puſh'd to that degree,
I ſcarce had left a Wretch to give a Fee.
Some fell by *Laudanum*, and ſome by *Steel*,
And Death in Ambuſh lay in ev'ry Pill.
For ſave or ſlay, this Privilege we claim,
Tho' Credit ſuffers, the Reward's the ſame.

What tho' the Art of Healing we pretend,
He that deſigns it leaſt, is moſt a Friend.
Into the Right we err, and muſt confeſs
To Overſights we often owe Succeſs.
Thus *Beſſus* got the Battel in the *Play*,
His glorious Cowardiſe reſtor'd the Day.
So the fam'd *Grecian* Piece ow'd its Deſert
To Chance, and not the labour'd Stroaks of Art.

Phyſi-

Phyſicians, if they're wiſe ſhould never think
Of any Arms but ſuch as Pen and Ink:
But th'Enemy, at their Expence, ſhall find,
When Honour calls, I'll ſcorn to ſtay behind.

He ſaid; and ſeal'd th' Engagement with a Kiſs,
Which was return'd by Younger *Askaris*;
Who thus advanc'd: Each Word Sir, you impart,
Has ſomething killing in it, like your Art.
How much we to your boundleſs Friendſhip owe,
Our Files can ſpeak, and your Preſcriptions ſhow.
Your Ink deſcends in ſuch exceſſive Show'rs,
'Tis plain, you can regard no Health but ours.
Whilſt poor Pretenders puzzle o'er a Caſe,
You but appear, and give the *Coup de Grace*.
O that near * *Xanthus* Banks you had but dwelt,
When *Ilium* firſt *Achaian* Fury felt,
The horned River then had curs'd in vain
Young *Peleus'* Arm, that choak'd his Stream with Slain.
No Trophies you had left for *Greeks* to raiſe,
Their Ten Years Toil, you'd finiſh'd in Ten Days.
Fate ſmiles on your Attempts, and when you liſt,
In vain the Cowards fly, or Brave reſiſt.
Then let us Arm, we need not fear Succeſs,
No Labours are too hard for *Hercules*.
Our military Enſigns we'll diſplay;
Conqueſt purſues, where Courage leads the Way.

To this Deſign ſhrill *Querpo* did agree,
A zealous Member of the *Faculty*;

* *See Hom. Il.*

His

His Sire's pretended pious Steps he treads,
And where the Doctor fails, the Saint ſucceeds.
A Conventicle fleſh'd his greener Years,
And his full Age the righteous Rancour ſhares.
Thus Boys hatch Game-Eggs under Birds o'Prey,
To make the Fowl more furious for the Fray.

Slow *Carus* next diſcover'd his Intent,
With painful Pauſes mutt'ring what he meant.
His Sparks of Life in ſpight of Druggs retreat,
So cold, that only *Calentures* can heat.
In his chill Veins the ſluggiſh Puddle flows,
And loads with lazy Fogs his ſable Brows.
Legions of Lunaticks about him preſs,
His Province is loſt Reaſon to redreſs.
So when Perfumes their fragrant Scent give o'er,
Nought can their Odour, like a Jakes, reſtore.
When for Advice the Vulgar throng, he's found
With lumber of vile Books beſieg'd around.
The gazing Throng acknowledge their Surprize,
And deaf to Reaſon ſtill conſult their Eyes.
Well he perceives the World will often find,
To catch the Eye is to convince the Mind.
Thus a weak State, by wiſe Diſtruſt enclines
To num'rous Stores, and Strength in Magazines.
So Fools are always moſt profuſe of Words,
And Cowards never fail of longeſt Swords.
Abandon'd Authors here a Refuge meet,
And from the World, to Duſt and Worms retreat.
Here Dregs and Sediment of Auctions reign,
Refuſe of Fairs, and Gleanings of *Duck-Lane*.

And up theſe Walls much *Gothick* Lumber climbs,
With *Swiſs* Philoſophy, and *Runick* Rhimes.
Hither, retriev'd from *Cooks* and *Grocers*, come
M—— Works entire, and endleſs Reams of *Bl*——*m*.
Where would the long neg'ected *C*——*s* fly,
If bounteous *Carus* ſhou'd refuſe to buy?
But each vile Scribler's happy on this ſcore,
He'll find ſome *Carus* ſtill to read him o're.

Nor muſt we the obſequious *Umbra* ſpare,
Who, ſoft by Nature, yet declar'd for War.
But when ſome Rival Pow'r invades a Right,
Flies ſet on Flies, and Turtles Turtles fight.
Elſe courteous *Umbra* to the laſt had been
Demurely meek inſipidly ſerene.
* With Him, the Preſent ſtill ſome Virtues have,
The Vain are ſprightly, and the Stupid, grave:
The Slothful, negligent; the Foppiſh, neat;
The Lewd are airy; and the Sly, diſcreet.
A Wren an Eagle, a Baboon a Beau;
C—— a *Lycurgus*, and a *Phocion*, *R*——.

Heroick Ardour now th'Aſſembly warms,
Each Combatant breaths nothing but Alarms.
For Future Glory, while the Scheme is laid,
Fam'd *Horoſcope* thus offers to diſſuade;

Since of each Enterprize th'Event's unknown,
We'll quit the Sword, and hearken to the Gown.

* *See the Imitation Hor. Sat. the* 3*d.*

Nigh

Nigh lives *Vagellius*, one reputed long
For Strength of Lungs, and Pliancy of Tongue.
For Fees, to any Form he moulds a Cauſe,
The Worſt has Merits, and the Beſt has Flaws.
Five Guinea's make a Criminal to Day,
And ten to Morrow wipe the Stain away.
Whatever he affims is undeny'd,
Milo's the Lecher, *Clodius* th'Homicide.
Cato pernicious, *Cataline* a Saint,
Or —— *d* ſuſpected, *D* — *b* innocent.
To Law then Friends, for 'tis by Fate decreed,
Vagellius, and our Mony, ſhall ſucceed.
Know; when I firſt invok'd *Diſeaſe* by Charms
To prove propitious to our future Arms;
Ill Omens did the Sacrifice attend,
Nor wou'd the *Sybil* from her *Grott* aſcend.

As *Horoſcope* urg'd farther to be heard,
He thus was interrupted by a *Bard*;

In vain your Magick Myſteries you uſe,
Such Sounds the *Sybil*'s ſacred Ears abuſe.
Theſe Lines the pale Divinity ſhall raiſe,
Such is the Pow'r of Sound, and Force of Lays.

Arms meet with Arms. Fauchions with Fauchions claſh,
And ſparks of Fire ſtruck out from Armour flaſh.
Thick Clouds of Duſt contending Warriors raiſe,
And hideous War o'er all the Region brays.
Some raging ran with huge Herculean *Clubs,*
Some maſſy Balls of Braſs, ſome mighty Tubs
Of Cynders bore.——

Naked

Naked and half-burnt Hills with hideous Wreck
Affright the Skies, and fry the Ocean's Back.

As he went rumbling on, the *Fury* ſtrait
Crawl'd in, her Limbs cou'd ſcarce ſupport her Weight.
A ruſull Rag her meager Forehead bound,
And faintly her furr'd Lips theſe Accents ſound.

Mortal, how dar'ſt thou with ſuch Lines addreſs
My awful Seat, and trouble my Receſs?
In *Eſſex* Marſhy Hundreds is a Cell,
Where lazy Fogs, and driſling Vapours dwell:
Thither raw Damps on drooping Wings repair,
And ſhiv'ring Quartans ſhake the ſickly Air.
There, when fatigu'd, ſome ſilent Hours I paſs,
And ſubſtitute Phyſicians in my place.
Then dare not, for the future, once rehearſe
The Diſſonance of ſuch untuneful Verſe.
But in your Lines let Energy be found,
And learn to riſe in Senſe, and ſink in Sound.
Harſh Words, tho' pertinent, uncouth appear,
None pleaſe the Fancy who offend the Ear.
In Senſe and Numbers if you wou'd excel,
Read *W*——, conſider *D* — *n* well.
In one, what vig'rous Turns of Fancy ſhine,
In th'other, *Syrens* warble in each Line.
If *D* — s ſprightly Muſe but touch the Lyre,
The *Smiles* and *Graces* melt in ſoft Deſire,
And little *Loves* confeſs their am'rous Fire.
The gentle *Iſis* claims the Ivy Crown,
To bind th'immortal Brows of *A*——*n*.

As

As tuneful *C——ve* tries his rural Strains,
Pan quits the Woods, the lift'ning Fawns the Plains;
And *Philomel*, in Notes like his, complains.
And *Britain*, ſince *Pauſanias* was writ,
Knows *Spartan* Virtue, and *Athenian* Wit.
When *St——* paints the Godlike Acts of Kings,
Or, what *Apollo* dictates, *P——* ſings:
The Banks of *Rhine* a pleas'd Attention ſhow,
And Silver *Sequana* forgets to flow.

Such juſt Examples carefully read o'er,
Slide without falling, without ſtraining, ſoar.
Oft tho' your Stroaks ſurprize, you ſhou'd not chuſe
A Theme ſo mighty for a Virgin Muſe.
Long did * *Apelles* his Fam'd Piece decline,
His *Alexander* was his laſt Deſign.
'Tis *M——ue*'s rich Vein alone muſt prove,
None but a *Phidias* ſhou'd attempt a *Jove*.

The Fury paus'd, 'till with a frightful Sound
A riſing Whirlwind burſt th'unhallow'd Ground.
Then ſhe—— The Deity we *Fortune* call,
Tho' diſtant, rules and influences all.
Strait for her Favour to her Court repair,
Important Embaſſies ask Wings of Air.

Each wond'ring ſtood, but *Horoſcope*'s great Soul
That Dangers ne'er alarm, nor Doubts controul;
Rais'd on the Pinions of the bounding Wind,
Out-flew the Rack, and left the Hours behind.

* *See Hor. B. 2. Ep. 1. Plin. Plut. Cic. Ep. Val. Max.*

The

The Ev'ning now with Bluſhes warms the Air,
The Steer reſigns the Yoke, the Hind his Care.
The Clouds above with golden Edgings glow,
And falling Dews refreſh the Earth below.
The Bat with ſooty Wings flits thro' the Grove,
The Reeds ſcarce ruſtle, nor the Aſpine move,
And all the feather'd Folks forbear their Lays of love.
Thro' the tranſparent Region of the Skies,
Swift as a Wiſh the Miſſionary flies.
With Wonder he ſurveys the upper Air,
And the gay gilded Meteors ſporting there.
How lambent Jellies kind'ling in the Night,
Shoot thro' the *Æther* in a Trail of Light,
How riſing Steams in th'azure Fluid blend,
Or fleet in Clouds, or in ſoft Show'rs deſcend;
Or if the ſtubborn Rage of Cold prevail,
In Flakes they fly, or fall in moulded Hail.
How Hony Dews embalm the fragrant Morn,
And the fair Oak with luſcious Sweats adorn.
How Heat and Moiſture mingle in a Maſs,
Or belch in Thunder, or in Light'ning blaze.
Why nimble Coruſcations ſtrike the Eye,
And bold *Tornado's* bluſter in the Sky.
Why a prolifick *Aura* upwards tends,
Ferments, and in a living Show'r deſcends.
How Vapours hanging on the tow'ring Hills
In Breezes ſigh, or weep in warbling Rills
Whence Infant Winds their tender Pinions try,
And River Gods their thirſty Urns ſupply.

The

The wond'ring Sage purſues his airy Flight,
And braves the chill unwholſome Damps of Night;
He views the Tracts where Luminaries rove,
To ſettle Seaſons here, and Fates above.
The bleak *Arcturus* ſtill forbid the Seas,
The ſtormy *Kidds*, the weeping *Hyades*:
The ſhining * *Lyre* with Strains attracting more
Heav'n's glitt'ring Manſions now than † Hell's before.
Glad *Caſſiopeia* circling in the Sky,
And each bright *Churchil* of the Galaxy.

Aurora on *Eteſian* Breezes born,
With bluſhing Lips breaths out the ſprightly Morn;
Each Flow'r in Dew their ſhort-liv'd Empire weeps,
And *Cynthia* with her lov'd *Endymion* ſleeps.
As thro' the Gloom the *Magus* cuts his Way,
Imperfect Objects tell the doubtful Day.
Dim he diſcerns Majeſtick *Atlas* riſe,
And bend beneath the Burthen of the Skies.
His tow'ring Brows aloft no Tempeſts know,
Whilſt Light'ning flies, and Thunder rolls below.

Diſtant from hence beyond a Waſte of Plains,
Proud *Teneriff* his Giant Brother reigns;
With breathing Fire his pitchy Noſtrils glow,
As from his Sides he ſhakes the fleecy Snow.
Around this hoary Prince, from wat'ry Beds,
His Subject Iſlands raiſe their verdant Heads;
The Waves ſo gently waſh each riſing Hill
The Land ſeems floating, and the Ocean ſtill.

* Orpheus's *Harp made a Conſtellation.*
† *See* Manil.

Eternal Spring with ſmiling Verdure here
Warms the mild Air, and crowns the youthful Year.
From Cryſtal Rocks tranſparent Riv'lets flow,
The Tub-roſe ever breathes, and Violets blow.
The Vine undreſs'd her ſwelling Cluſters bears,
The lab'ring Hind, the mellow Olive cheers;
Bloſſoms and Fruit at once the* Citron ſhows,
And as ſhe pays, diſcovers ſtill ſhe owes.
The Orange to the Sun her Pride diſplays,
And gilds her fragrant Apples with his Rays.
No Blaſts e'er diſcompoſe the peaceful Sky,
The Springs but murmur, and the Winds but ſigh,
The tuneful Swans on gliding Rivers float,
And warbling Dirges, die on ev'ry Note.
Where *Flora* treads her *Zephyr* Garlands flings,
And ſcatters Odours from his Purple Wings;
Whilſt Birds from Woodbine Bow'rs and Jeſmine Groves
Chaunt their glad Nuptials, and unenvy'd Loves.
Mild Seaſons, riſing Hills, and ſilent Dales,
Cool Grotto's, Silver Brooks, and flow'ry Vales,
Groves fill'd with balmy Shrubs in pomp appear,
And ſcent with Gales of Sweets the circling Year.

Theſe happy Iſles, where endleſs Pleaſures wait,
Are ſtil'd by tuneful Bards ——The *Fortunate*.
On high, where no hoarſe Winds nor Clouds reſort,
The hoodwink'd Goddeſs keeps her partial Court.
Upon a Wheel of † *Amethyſt* ſhe ſits,
Gives and reſumes, and ſmiles and frowns by fits.

* Wall. † *This Stone reckon'd fortunate; ſee the Hiſt. of Nat. Magick.*

In

In this ſtill Labyrinth, around her lye
Spells Philters, Globes, and Schemes of Palmiſtry:
A *Sigil* in this Hand the *Gypſie* bears,
In th'other a prophetick Sive and Sheers.

The Dame by Divination knew that ſoon
The *Magus* wou'd appear——and then begun
Hail, ſacred Seer! thy Embaſſie I know,
Wars muſt enſue, the Fates will have it ſo.
Dread Feats ſhall follow, and Diſaſters great,
* Pills charge on Pills, and Bolus Bolus meet:
Both Sides ſhall conquer, and yet Both ſhall fall;
The Mortar now, and then the Urinal.

To thee alone my Influence I owe;
Where Nature has deny'd, my Favours flow.
'Tis I that give (ſo mighty is my Pow'r)
Faith to the *Jew*, Complexion to the *Moor*.
I am the Wretch's Wiſh, the *Rook*'s Pretence,
The Sluggard's Eaſe, the Coxcomb's Providence.
Sir *Scrape-Quill*, once a ſupple ſmiling Slave,
Looks lofty now, and inſolently Grave;
Builds, Settles, Purchaſes, and has each Hour
Caps from the Rich, and Curſes from the Poor.
Spadillio, that at Table ſerv'd o'late,
Drinks rich Tockay himſelf, and eats in Plate;
Has *Levees*, *Villas*, Miſtreſſes in ſtore,
And owns the Racers which he rubb'd before.

Souls heav'nly born my faithleſs Boons defy;
The Brave is to himſelf a Deity.

* *See the Alluſion*, Lucan.

Tho' bleſs'd *Aſtrea*'s gone, ſome Soil remains
Where Fortune is the Slave, and Merit reigns.

The *Tyber* boaſts his *Julian* Progeny,
Thames his *Naſſau*, the *Nyle* his *Ptolomy*,
Iberia, yet for future Sway deſign'd,
Shall, for a *H*——, a greater *M*—— find.
Thus * *Ariadne* in proud Triumph rode,
She loſt a † Heroe, and ſhe found a ‡ God.

* *See Steph.* † Theſeus. ‡ Bacchus.

Can. 5.

Lud. du Guernier inv. et sculp.

THE DISPENSARY.

CANTO V.

HEN the ſtill Night, with peaceful Poppies crown'd,
Had ſpread her ſhady Pinions o'er the Ground;
And ſlumb'ring Chiefs of painted Triumphs dream,
While Groves and Streams are the ſoft Virgin's Theme.
The Surges gently daſh againſt the Shoar,
Flocks quit the Plains, and Gally-Slaves the Oar.
Sleep ſhakes its downy Wings o'er mortal Eyes,
Mirmillo is the only Wretch it flies.
He finds no Reſpite from his anxious Grief,
Then ſeeks, from this Soliloquy, Relief.

Long have I reign'd unrival'd in the Town,
Oppreſs'd with Fees and deafen'd with Renown.

None e'er cou'd die with due Solemnity,
Unleſs his Paſs-port firſt was ſign'd by Me.
My arbitrary Bounty's undeny'd;
I give Reverſions, and for Heirs provide.
None cou'd the tedious Nuptial State ſupport;
But I, to make it eaſie, make it ſhort.
I ſet the diſcontented Matrons free,
And ranſom Husbands from Captivity.
Shall one of ſuch Importance then engage
In noiſie Riot, and in Civil Rage?
No, I'll endeavour ſtrait a Peace, and ſo
Preſerve my Character, and Perſon too.

But *Diſcord*, that ſtill haunts with hideous Mien
Thoſe dire Abodes where *Hymen* once has been,
O'er-heard *Mirmillo*'s Anguiſh, then begun
In peeviſh Accents to expreſs her own.

Have I ſo often baniſh'd lazy *Peace*
From her dark Solitude, and lov'd Receſs?
Have I made *S——th* and *Sh——ck* diſagree,
And puzzle Truth with learn'd Obſcurity?
And does my faithful *F——ſon* profeſs
His Ardour ſtill for Animoſities?
Have I, *Britannia*'s Safety to inſure,
Expos'd her naked, to be more ſecure?
Have I made Parties oppoſite, unite,
In monſtrous Leagues of amicable Spight
To curſe their Country, whilſt the common Cry
Is *Freedom*, but their Aim, the *Miniſtry*?
And ſhall a Daſtard's Cowardiſe prevent
The War, ſo long I've labour'd to foment?

No,

No, 'tis reſolv'd, he either ſhall comply,
Or I'll renounce my wan Divinity.

With that, the *Hag* approach'd *Mirmillo*'s Bed,
And taking *Querpo*'s meager Shape, She ſaid;

At Noon of Night I haſten, to diſpel
Theſe Tumults in your penſive Boſom dwell.
I dreamt but now I heard your heaving Sighs,
Nay, ſaw the Tears debating in your Eyes.
O that 'twere but a Dream! But Threats I find
Low'r in your Looks, and rankle in your Mind.
Speak, whence it is this late Diſorder flows,
That ſhakes your Soul, and troubles your Repoſe.
Miſtakes in Practice ſcarce cou'd give you Pain,
Too well you know the Dead will ne'er complain.

What Looks diſcover, ſaid the Homicide,
Wou'd be a fruitleſs Induſtry to hide.
My Safety firſt I muſt conſult, and then
I'll ſerve our ſuff'ring Party with my Pen.

All ſhou'd, reply'd the Hag, their Talent learn;
The moſt attempting oft the leaſt diſcern.
Let *P*—— ſpeak, and *V*——*k* write
Soft *Acon* court, and rough *Cacinna* fight:
Such muſt ſucceed; but when th' Enervate aim
Beyond their Force, they ſtill contend for Shame;
Had *C*—— printed nothing of his own.
He had not been the *S*——*fold* o' the Town.
Aſſes and Owls, unſeen, their Kind betray,
If theſe attempt to Hoot, or thoſe to Bray.

Had *W*—— never aim'd in Verſe to pleaſe,
We had not rank'd him with our *Ogilbys*.
Still Cenſures will on dull Pretenders fall,
A *Codrus* ſhou'd expect a *Juvenal*.
Ill Lines, but like ill Paintings, are allow'd,
To ſet off, and to recommend the good.
So *Diamonds* take a Luſtre from their Foyle;
And to a *B*——*ly* 'tis, we owe a *B*——*le*.

Conſider well the Talent you poſſeſs,
To ſtrive to make it more would make it leſs;
And recollect what Gratitude is due,
To thoſe whoſe Party you abandon now.
To them you owe your odd Magnificence
But to your Stars your Magazine of Senſe.
Haſpt in a Tombril, aukward have you ſhin'd
With one fat Slave before, and none behind.
Then haſte and join your true intrepid Friends,
Succeſs on Vigour and Diſpatch depends.

Lab'ring in Doubts *Mirmillo* ſtood, then ſaid,
'Tis hard to undertake, if Gain diſſwade;
What Fool for noyſie Feuds large Fees wou'd leave?
Ten Harveſts more, wou'd all I wiſh for give.

True Man, reply'd the Elf; by Choice diſeas'd,
Ever contriving Pain, and never plea s'd.
A preſent Good they ſlight, an abſent chuſe,
And what they have, for what they have not, loſe.
Falſe Proſpects all their true Delights deſtroy,
Reſolv'd to want, yet lab'ring to enjoy.

In

In reſtleſs Hurries thoughtleſly they live,
At Subſtance oft unmov'd, for Shadows grieve.
Children at Toys, as Men at Titles aim;
And in effect both covet but the ſame.
This *Philip*'s Son prov'd in revolving Years;
And firſt for Rattles, then for Worlds ſhed Tears.

The Fury ſpoke, then in a moment fir'd
The Horoe's Breaſt with Tempeſts, and retir'd.

In boding Dreams *Mirmillo* ſpent the Night,
And frightful Phantoms danc'd before his Sight,
Till the pale *Pleiads* clos'd their Eyes of Light.
At length gay Morn glows in the Eaſtern Skies,
The Larks in Raptures thro' the *Æther* riſe,
The Azure Miſts ſcud o'er the dewy Lawns,
The *Chaunter* at his early Matins yawns,
The *Amaranth* opes its Leaves, the *Lys* its Bells,
And *Progne* her Complaint of *Tereus* tells.

As bold *Mirmillo* the gray Dawn deſcries,
Arm'd *Cap-a-pe*, where Honour calls, he flies,
And finds the Legions planted at their Poſt;
Where mighty *Querpo* fill'd the Eye the moſt.
His Arms were made, if we may credit Fame,
By * *Mulciber*, the Mayor of *Bromingham*.
Of temper'd *Stibium* the bright Shield was caſt,
† And yet the Work the Metal far ſurpaſs'd.

* *See the Alluſion* Hom. Il. *B.* 18. Virg. Æn. *B.* 8.
† *See* Ov. Met. *B.* 2.

A Foliage of the Vulnerary Leaves,
Grav'd round the Brim, the wond'ring Sight deceives.
Around the Center Fate's bright Trophies lay,
Probes, Saws, Inciſion Knives, and Tools to ſlay.
Emboſt upon the Field, a Battel ſtood
Of *Leeches* ſpouting *Hemorrhoidal* Blood.
The Artiſt too expreſs'd the ſolemn State
Of grave *Phyſicians* at a Conſult met;
About each Symptom how they diſagree,
But how unanimous in caſe of Fee.
Whilſt each *Aſſaſſin* his learn'd Collegue tires
With learn'd Impertinence, the Sick expires.

Beneath this Blazing Orb bright *Querpo* ſhone,
Himſelf an *Atlas*, and his Shield a Moon.
A Peſtle for his Truncheon led the Van,
And his high Helmet was a Cloſe-ſtool Pan.
His Creſt an † *Ibis*, brandiſhing her Beak,
And winding in looſe Folds her ſpiral Neck.
This, when the Young * *Querpoides* beheld
His Face in Nurſe's Breaſt the Boy conceal'd;
Then peept, and with th' effulgent Helm wou'd play,
And as the Monſter gap'd wou'd ſhrink away.
Thus ſometimes Joy prevail'd, and ſometimes Fear;
And Tears and Smiles alternate Paſſions were.

As *Querpo* tow'ring ſtood in Martial Might,
Pacifick *Carus* ſparkled on the Right.

† *This Bird, according to the Ancients, gives it ſelf a Clyſter with its Beak.*

* *Alluding to* Aſtyanax. *See* Hom. Il.

An;

An * *Oran Outang* o'er his Shoulders hung,
His Plume confeſs'd the Capon whence it ſprung.
His motly Mail ſcarce cou'd the Heroe bear,
Haranguing thus the Tribunes of the War.

Fam'd Chiefs,
For preſent Triumphs born, deſign'd for more,
Your Virtue I admire, your Valour more.
If Battel be reſolv'd, you'll find this Hand
Can deal out Deſtiny, and Fate command.
Our Foes in Throngs ſhall hide the Crimſon Plain,
And their *Apollo* interpoſe in vain.
Tho' Gods themſelves engage, a † *Diamed*
With Eaſe cou'd ſhow a *Deity* can bleed.

But War's rough Trade ſhou'd be by Fools profeſt;
The trueſt Rubbiſh fills a Trench the beſt.
Let Quinſies throttle, and the Quartan ſhake,
Or Dropſies drown and Gout and Colicks rack;
Let Sword and Peſtilence lay waſte, whilſt we
Wage bloodleſs Wars, and fight in Theory.
Who wants not Merit needs not arm for Fame;
The Dead I raiſe my Chivalry proclaim,
Diſeaſes baffled, and loſt Health reſtor'd,
In Fame's bright Liſt my Victories record.
More Lives from me their Preſervation own,
Than Lovers loſe if Fair *Cornelia* frown.

Your Cures ſhrill *Querpo* cry'd, aloud you tell,
But wiſely your Miſcarriages conceal.

* *The Skin of a diſſected Baboon call'd ſo.*
† *See* Hom. Il. *B.* 5.

Zara.

Zeno, a Prieſt, in *Samothrace* of old,
Thus reaſon'd with *Philopidas* the bold;
Immortal Gods you own, but think 'em blind
To what concerns the State of Human Kind.
Either they hear not, or regard not Pray'r,
That argues want of Pow'r, and This of Care.
Allow that Wiſdom infinite muſt know;
Pow'r infinite muſt act. *I grant it ſo.*
Haſte ſtrait to *Neptune*'s Fane, ſurvey with Zeal
The Walls. *What then?* reply'd the Infidel.
Obſerve thoſe num'rous Throngs in Effigy.
The Gods have ſav'd from the devouring Sea.
'Tis true, their Pictures that eſcap'd you keep,
But where are Theirs that periſh'd in the Deep?

Vaunt now no more the Triumph of your Skill,
But, tho' unfeed, exert your Arm, and kill.
Our Scouts have learn'd the Poſture of the Foe;
In War, Surprizes ſureſt Conduct ſhow.

But Fame, that neither good nor bad conceals,
That *P*—— *k*'s Worth, and *O*——'s Valour tells;
How Truth in *B*——, how in *C*——*ſh* reigns
Varro's Magnificence with *Maro*'s Strains;
But how at Church and Bar all gape and ſtretch
If *W*—— plead, or *S*—— or *O*——*ly* preach,
On nimble Wings to *Warwick-Lane* repairs,
And what the Enemy intends, declares.
Confuſion in each Countenance appear'd,
A Council's call'd, and *Stentor* firſt was heard;
His lab'ring Lungs the throng'd *Prætorium* rent,
Addreſſing thus the paſſive Preſident.

Machaon,

Machaon, whoſe Experience we adore,
Great as your matchleſs Merits, is your Pow'r.
At your Approach, the baffled Tyrant *Death*
Breaks his keen Shafts, and grinds his claſhing Teeth.
To you we leave the Conduct of the Day;
What you command, your Vaſſals muſt obey.
If this dread Enterprize you wou'd decline,
We'll ſend to treat, and ſtifle the Deſign.
But if my Arguments had force, we'd try
To humble our audacious Foes, or die.
Our Spight, they'll find, to their Advantage leans,
The End is good, no matter for the Means.
So modern *Caſuiſts* their Talents try,
Uprightly for the ſake of Truth to lye.

He had not finiſh'd, 'till th'Out-guards deſcry'd
Bright Columns move in formidable Pride.
The paſſing Pomp ſo dazzled from afar,
It ſeem'd a Triumph, rather than a War.
Tho' wide the Front, tho' groſs the *Phalanx* grew,
It look'd leſs dreadful as it nearer drew.

The adverſe Hoſt for Action ſtrait prepare;
All eager to unviel the Face of War.
Their Chiefs lace on their Helms, and take the Field,
And to their truſty Squires reſign their Shield:
To paint each Knight their Ardour and Alarms,
Wou'd ask the Muſe that ſung the Frogs in Arms.

And now the Signal ſummons to the Fray;
Mock Falchions flaſh, and paltry Enſigns play.

Their

Their Patron God his ſilver Bow-ſtring twangs;
Tough Harneſs ruſtleſs, and bold Armour clangs.
The piercing *Cauſticks* ply their ſpightful Pow'r;
Emeticks ranch, and keen *Catharticks* ſcour.
The deadly Drugs in double Doſes fly;
And Peſtles peal a martial Symphony.

Now from their level'd *Syringes* they pour
The liquid Volly of a miſſive Show'r.
Not Storms of Sleet, which o'er the *Baltick* drive,
Puſh'd on by *Northern* Guſts, ſuch Horror give.
Like Spouts in *Southern* Seas the Deluge broke,
And Numbers ſunk beneath th'impetuous Stroke.

So when *Leviathans* diſpute the Reign
And uncontroll'd Dominion of the Main;
From the rent Rocks whole *Coral* Groves are torn,
And Iſles of *Sea-weed* on the Waves are born.
Such watry Stores from their ſpread Noſtrils fly,
'Tis doubtful which is Sea, and which is Sky.

And now the ſtagg'ring *Braves*, led by Deſpair,
Advance, and to return the Charge, prepare.
Each ſeizes for his Shield a ſpacious *Scale*,
And the *Braſs Weights* fly thick as Show'rs of Hail.
Whole Heaps of Warriors welter on the Ground,
With Gally-Pots, and broken Phials crown'd;
Whilſt empty Jarrs the dire Defeat reſound.

Thus when ſome Storm its Cryſtal Quarry rends,
And *Jove* in ratling Show'rs of *Ice* deſcends;

Mount

Mount *Athos* ſhakes the Foreſts on his Brow,
Whilſt down his wounded Sides freſh Torrents flow,
And Leaves and Limbs of Trees o'er-ſpread the Vale [below.

But now, all Order loſt, promiſcuous Blows
Confus'dly fall; perplex'd the Battel grows.
From *Stenſor*'s Arm a maſſy Opiat flyes,
And ſtrait a deadly Sleep clos'd *Carus*' Eyes.
At *Colon* great *Sertorius* Buckthorn flung,
Who with fierce Gripes, like thoſe of Death, was ſtung;
But with a dauntleſs and diſdainful Mien
Hurl'd back Steel Pills, and hit him on the Spleen.
Chiron attack'd *Talthibius* with ſuch Might,
One Paſs had paunch'd the huge hydropick Knight,
Who ſtrait retreated to evade the Wound,
But in a Flood of *Apozem* was drown'd.
This *Pſylas* ſaw, and to the Victor ſaid,
Thou ſhalt not long ſurvive th'unwieldy Dead,
Thy Fate ſhall follow; to confirm it, ſwore
By th'Image of *Priapus*, which he bore;
And rais'd an * *Eagle-ſtone*, invoking loud
On *Cynthia*, leaning o'er a Silver Cloud.

Great Queen of Night, and Empreſs of the Seas,
If faithful to thy Midnight Myſteries,
If ſtill obſervant of my early Vows,
Theſe Hands have eas'd the mourning Matron's Throws;
Direct this rais'd avenging Arm aright,
So may loud Cymbals aid thy lab'ring Light.
He ſaid, and let the pond'rous Fragment fly
At *Chiron*, but learn'd *Hermes* put it by.

* *See* Plin. That-

Tho' the haranguing God ſurvey'd the War,
That Day the Muſes Sons were not his Care.
Two Friends, Adepts, the *Triſmegiſts* by Name,
Alike their Features, and alike their Flame.
As ſimpling ne'er fair *Tweed* each ſung by turn,
The liſt'ning River wou'd neglect his Urn.
Thoſe Lives they fail'd to reſcue by their Skill,
Their * Muſe cou'd make immortal with her Quill.
But learn'd Enquiries after Nature's State
Diſſolv'd the League, and kindled a Debate.
The One, for lofty Labours fruitful known,
Fill'd Magazines with Volumes of his own.
At his once-favour'd Friend a Tome he threw
That from its Birth had ſlept unſeen 'till now.
Stunn'd with the Blow the batter'd Bard retir'd,
Sunk down, and in a *Simile* expir'd.

And now the Cohorts ſhake, the Legions ply,
The yielding Flanks confeſs the Victory.
Stentor undaunted ſtill, with noble Rage
Sprung thro' the Battel, *Querpo* to engage.
Fierce was the Onſet, the Diſpute was great,
Both cou'd not vanquiſh, Neither would retreat;
Each Combatant his Adverſary mauls,
With batter'd *Bed-pans*, and ſtav'd *Urinals*.
On *Stentor*'s Creſt the uſeful Chryſtal breaks,
And Tears of *Amber* gutter'd down his Cheeks.
But whilſt the Champion, as late Rumours tell,
Deſign'd a ſure deciſive Stroke, he fell:
And as the Victor hov'ring o'er him ſtood,
With Arms extended, thus the *Suppliant* ſu'd.

* *See* Taſs.

When

When Honour's loſt, 'tis a Relief to die;
Death's but a ſure Retreat from Infamy.
But to the loſt, if Pity might be ſhown,
Reflect on young *Querpoïdes* thy Son;
Then pity mine, for ſuch an Infant-Grace
Smiles in his Fyes, and flatters in his Face.
If he was near, Compaſſion he'd create,
Or elſe lament his wretched Parent's Fate.
Thine is the Glory, and the Field is thine;
To thee the lov'd * *Diſpens'ry* I reſign.

At this the *Victors* own ſuch Extaſies,
As *Memphian* Prieſts if their *Oſiris* ſneeze;
Or Champions with Olympick Clangour fir'd;
Or ſimpring Prudes with ſpeightly *Nantz* inſpir'd;
Or Sultans rais'd from Dungeons to a Crown;
Or faſting Zealots when the Sermon's done.

A while the Chief the deadly Stroak declin'd,
And found Compaſſion pleading in his Mind,
But whilſt he view'd with Pity the Diſtreſs'd,
He ſpy'd † *Signetur* writ upon his Breaſt.
Then tow'rds the Skies he toſs'd his threatning Head,
And fir'd with more than mortal Fury, ſaid

Sooner than I'll from vow'd Revenge deſiſt,
His *Holineſs* ſhall turn a *Quietiſt*,
Janſenius and the *Jeſuits* agree,
The Inquiſition wink at Hereſie,

* *See the Alluſion.* Virg. Æn.

† *Thoſe Members of the College that obſerve a late Statute, are call'd by the Apothecaries* Signetur Men.

Warm

Warm Convocations own the Church ſecure,
And more conſult her Doctrine than her Pow'r.

With that he drew a Lancet in his Rage,
To puncture the ſtill ſupplicating Sage.
But while his Thoughts that fatal Stroke decree,
Apollo interpos'd in form of Fee.
The *Chief* great *Paan*'s golden Treſſes knew,
He own'd the God, and his rais'd Arm withdrew.

Thus often at the *Temple-Stairs* we've ſeen
Two Tritons of a rough Athletick Mien,
Sourly diſpute ſome Quarrel of the Flood,
With Knuckles bruis'd, and Face beſmear'd in Blood;
But at the firſt Appearance of a Fare,
Both quit the Fray, and to their Oars repair.

The Heroe ſo his Enterprize recalls,
His Fiſt unclinches, and the Weapon falls.

Can. 6. *Lud. du Guernier inv. et Sculp.*

THE DISPENSARY.

CANTO VI.

WHILE the ſhrill Clangour of the Battel rings,
Auſpicious *Health* appear'd on *Zephir's* Wings;
She ſeem'd a Cherub moſt divinely bright,
More ſoft than Air, more gay than Morning Light.
A Charm ſhe takes from each excelling Fair,
And barrows *C——le's* Shape, and *G——ton's* Air.
Her Eyes like *R——agh's* their Beams diſpenſe,
With *Ch——ill's* Bloom and *B——kley's* Innocence;
On *Iris* thus the differing * Beams beſtow
The Die, that paints the Wonders of her Bow,
From the fair Nymph a vocal Muſick falls,
As to *Machaon* thus the Goddeſs calls.

Enough th'Atchievement of your Arms you've ſhown,
You ſeek a Triumph you ſhou'd bluſh to own.

* *See* Newt. *of Col.*

Haſte

Haſte to th'*Elyſian* Fields, thoſe bleſs'd Abodes,
Where *Harvy* ſits among the Demi-Gods.
Conſult that ſacred Sage, ſoon He'll diſcloſe
The Method that muſt mollify theſe Woes,
Let *Celſus* for that Enterprize prepare,
His Conduct to the Shades ſhall be my Care,

Aghaſt the Heroes ſtood diſſolv'd in Fear,
A Form ſo Heav'nly bright They cou'd not bear;
Celſus alone unmov'd, the Sight beheld,
The reſt in pale Confuſion left the Field.

So when the Pigmies, marſhall'd on the Plains,
Wage puny War againſt th'invading Cranes;
The Poppets to their Bodkin Spears repair,
And ſcatter'd Feathers flutter in the Air;
But when the bold imperial Bird of *Jove*
Stoops on his ſounding Pinions from above,
Among the Brakes the Fairy Nation crowds,
And the *Strimonian* Squadron ſeeks the Clouds.

And now the Delegate prepares to go
And view the Wonders of the Realms below;
Then takes *Amomum* for the Golden Bough.
Thrice did the Goddeſs with her Sacred Wand
The Pavement ſtrike; and ſtrait at her Command
The willing Surface opens, and deſcries
A deep Deſcent that leads to nether Skies.
* *Hygeia* to the ſilent Region tends;
And with his Heav'nly Guide the *Charge* deſcends,

* *Health, celebrated by the Ancients as a Goddeſs.*

Thus

Thus *Numa* when to hallow'd Caves retir'd,
Was by * *Ægeria* guarded and inſpir'd.

Within the Chambers of the Globe they ſpy
The Beds where ſleeping Vegetables lye,
'Till the glad Summons of a Genial Ray
Unbinds the Glebe, and calls them out to Day.
Hence *Pancies* trick themſelves in various Hew,
And hence *Junquils* derive their fragrant Dew;
Hence the *Carnation* and the baſhful *Roſe*
Their Virgin Bluſhes to the Morn diſcloſe.
Hence the chaſt *Lilly* riſes to the Light,
Unveils her ſnowy Breaſts, and charms the Sight.
Hence Arbours are with twining Greens array'd,
T'oblige complaining Lovers with their Shade.
And hence on *Daphne*'s Laurel'd Forehead grow
Immortal Wreaths for *Phœbus* and *Naſſau*.

The Inſects here their lingring Trance ſurvive:
Benumb'd they ſeem, and doubtful if alive.
From Winter's Fury hither they repair,
And ſtay for milder Skies and ſofter Air.
Down to theſe Cells obſcener Reptils creep,
Where hateful *Nutes* and painted *Lizzards* ſleep.
Where ſhiv'ring *Snakes* the Summer Solſtice wait;
Unfurl their painted Folds, and ſlide in State.
Here their new Form the numb'd † *Eruca* hide,
Their num'rous Feet in ſlender Bandage ty'd:
Soon as the kindling Year begins to riſe,
This upſtart Race their native Clod deſpiſe,
And proud of painted Wings attempt the Skies.

* *See Ov. Met. B. 15.*
† *See* Godart *of Caterpillars and Butterflies.*

Now, thoſe profounder Regions They explore,
Where Metals ripen in vaſt Cakes of Oar.
Here, ſullen to the Sight, at large is ſpread
The dull unwieldy Maſs of lumpiſh Lead.
There, glimm'ring in their dawning Beds, are ſeen
The more aſpiring Seeds of ſprightly Tin.
The * Copper ſparkles next in ruddy Streaks;
And in the Gloom betrays its glowing Cheeks.
The Silver then with bright and burniſh'd Grace,
Youth and a blooming Luſtre in its Face,
To th'Arms of thoſe more yielding Metals flies,
And in the Folds of their Embraces lyes.
So cloſe they cling, ſo ſtubbornly retire;
Their Love's more violent than the Chymiſt's Fire.

Near Theſe the Delegate with Wonder ſpies
Where Floods of living Silver ſerpentize:
Where richeſt Metals their bright Looks put on,
And Golden Streams thro' Amber Channels run.
Where Light's gay God deſcends to ripen Gems,
And lend a Luſtre brighter than his Beams.

Here he obſerves the Subterranean Cells,
Where wanton Nature ſports in idle Shells.
Some *Helicoeids*, ſome *Conical* appear;
Theſe, Miters emulate; Thoſe, Turbans are.
Here Marcaſites in various Figure wait,
To ripen to a true Metallick State:
'Till Drops that from impending Rocks deſcend
Their Subſtance petrifie, and Progreſs end.
Nigh, livid Seas of kindled Sulphur flow;
And, whilſt enrag'd, their Fiery Surges glow.

* *See* Yald. *on Mines.*

Convulſions in the lab'ring Mountains riſe,
And hurl their melted Vitals to the Skies.

He views with Horror next the noiſie Cave,
Where with hoarſe Dinn impriſon'd Tempeſts rave:
Where clam'rous Hurricanes attempt their Flight,
Or, whirling in tumultuous Eddies, fight.
The warring Winds unmov'd *Hygeia* heard.
Brav'd their lou'd Jars, but much for *Celſus* fear'd.
Andromeda, ſo whilſt her Heroe fought,
Shook for his Danger, but her own forgot.

And now the Goddeſs with her Charge deſcends,
Where ſcarce one chearful Glimpſe their Steps befriends.
Here his forſaken Seat old *Chaos* keeps;
And undiſturb'd by Form, in Silence ſleeps.
A griſly Wight, and hideous to the Eye;
An aukward Lump of ſhapeleſs Anarchy.
With ſordid Age his Features are defac'd;
His Lands unpeopled, and his Countries waſte.
To theſe dark Realms much learned Lumber creeps,
There copious *M*—— ſafe in Silence ſleeps.
Where Muſhroom Libels in Oblivion lye,
And, ſoon as born, like other Monſters die.
Upon a Couch of *Jett* in theſe Abodes,
Dull *Night*, his melancholy Conſort, nods.
No Ways and Means their Cabinet employ;
But their dark Hours they waſte in barren Joy.

Nigh this Receſs with Terror they ſurvey
Where *Death* maintains his dread tyrannick Sway;

In the cloſe Covert of a Cypreſs Grove,
Where *Goblins* friſk, and airy *Spectres* rove,
Yawns a dark Cave, with awful Horror wide,
And there the *Monarch*'s Triumphs are deſcry'd.
Confus'd, and wildly huddled to the Eye,
The Beggar's Pouch, and Prince's Purple lye.
Dim Lamps with ſickly Rays ſcarce ſeem to glow;
Sighs heave in mournful Moans, and Tears o'er-flow.
Reſtleſs Anxiety, forlorn Deſpair,
And all the faded Family of Care,
Old mouldring Urns, Racks, Daggers and Diſtreſs
Make up the frightful Horror o' the Place.

Within its dreadful Jaws thoſe Furies wait,
Which execute the harſh Decres of Fate.
* *Febris* is firſt: The *Hag* relentleſs hears
The Virgin's Sighs; and ſees the Infant's Tears.
In her parch'd Eye-Balls fiery *Meteors* reign;
And reſtleſs Ferments revel in each Vein.

Then † *Hydrops* next appears amongſt the Throng;
Bloated, and big, ſhe ſlowly ſails along.
But, like a Miſer, in Exceſs ſhe's poor;
And pines for Thirſt amidſt her wat'ry Store.

Now loathſom ‡ *Lepra*, that offenſive Spright,
With foul Eruptions ſtain'd offends the Sight.
Still deaf to Beauty's ſoft perſuading Pow'r:
Nor can bright *Hebe*'s Charms her Bloom ſecure.

Whilſt meager ¶ *Pthiſis* gives a ſilent Blow;
Her Strokes are ſure; but her Advances ſlow.

* *Fevers.* † *Dropſie.* ‡ *Leproſie.* ¶ *Conſumption.*

No loud Alarms, nor fierce Aſſaults are ſhown:
She ſtarves the *Fortreſs* firſt; then takes the *Town*.
Behind ſtood Crouds of much inferior Name,
Too num'rous to repeat, too foul to name;
The Vaſſals of their Monarch's Tyranny:
Who, at his Nod, on fatal Errands fly.

Now *Celſus*, with his glorious Guide invades
The ſilent Region of the fleeting Shades:
Where Rocks and ruful Deſarts are deſcry'd;
And ſullen *Styx* rolls down his lazy Tide.
Then ſhews the Ferry-man the Plant he bore,
And claims his Paſſage to the further Shore.
To whom the *Stygian Pilot* ſmiling, ſaid,
You need no Paſs-port to demand our Aid.
Phyſicians never linger on this Strand:
Old *Charon*'s preſent ſtill at their Command.
Our awful Monarch and his Conſort owe
To them the Peopling of their Realms below.
Then in his ſwarthy Hand he graſp'd his Oar,
Receiv'd his Gueſts aboard, and ſhov'd from Shoar.

Now, as the Goddeſs and her *Charge* prepare
To breath the Sweets of ſoft *Elyſian* Air,
Upon the Left they ſpy a penſive * Shade,
Who on his bended Arm had rais'd his Head:
Pale Grief ſate heavy on his mournful Look:
To whom, not unconcern'd, thus *Celſus* ſpoke:

Tell me, thou much afflicted Shade, why Sighs
Burſt from your Breaſt, and Torrents from your Eyes:

* *See the Allusion*, Virg. Æn. B. 6.

And who thoſe mangled *Manes* are, which ſhow
A ſullen Satisfaction at your Woe?

Since, ſaid the Ghoſt, with Pity you'll attend,
Know, I'm *Guiacum*, once your firmeſt Friend.
And on this barren Beach in Diſcontent
Am doom'd to ſtay, 'till th'angry Pow'rs relent.
Thoſe *Spectres* ſeam'd with Scars that threaten there,
The Victims of my late ill Conduct are.
They vex with endleſs Clamours my Repoſe:
This wants his Palate; That demands his Noſe:
And here they execute ſtern *Pluto*'s Will,
And ply me ev'ry moment with a Pill.

Then *Celſus* thus: O much-lamented State!
How rigid is the Sentence you relate?
Methinks I recollect your former Air,
But ah, how much you're chang'd from what you were!
Inſipid as your late *Peiſans* you lye,
That once were ſprightlier far than *Mercury*.
At the ſad Tale you tell, the Poppies weep,
And mourn their vegetable Souls aſleep.
The unctuous *Larix*, and the healing *Pine*
Lament your Fate in Tears of Turpentine.
But ſtill the Off-ſpring of your Brain ſhall prove
The Grocers Care, and brave the Rage of *Jove*.
When Bonfires blaze, your vagrant Works ſhall riſe
In Rockets, 'till they reach the wond'ring Skies.

If Mortals e'er the *Stygian* Pow'rs cou'd bend,
Entreaties to their awful Seats I'd ſend.
But ſince no human Arts the Fates diſſuade;
Direct me how to find bleſs'd *Harvy*'s Shade.

In vain th'unhappy Ghoſt ſtill urg'd his Stay;
Then riſing from the Ground, he ſhew'd the Way.

Nigh the dull Shoar a ſhapeleſs Mountain ſtood,
That with a dreadful Frown ſurvey'd the Flood.
Its fearful Brow no lively Greens put on,
No friſking Goats bound o'er the ridgy Stone.
To gain the Summit the bright Goddeſs try'd,
And *Celſus* follow'd, by degrees, his Guide.

Th'Aſcent thus conquer'd, now they tow'r on high,
And taſte th'Indulgence of a milder Sky.
Looſe *Breezes* on their airy Pinions play,
Soft Infant Bloſſoms their chaſt Odours pay;
And Roſes bluſh their fragrant Lives away.
Cool Streams thro' flow'ry Meadows gently glide;
And as They paſs, their painted Banks they chide.
Theſe bliſsful Plains no Blights, nor Mildews fear,
The Flow'rs ne'er fade, and Shrubs are Myrtles here.
The Morn awakes the Tulip from her Bed;
E'er Noon in painted Pride ſhe decks her Head:
Roab'd in rich Dye ſhe triumphs on the Green,
And ev'ry Flow'r does Homage to their Queen.
So when bright *Venus* riſes from the Flood,
Around in Throngs the wond'ring *Nereids* crowd;
The *Tritons* gaze, and tune each vocal Shell,
And ev'ry Grace unſung, the Waves conceal.

The *Delegate* obſerves, with wond'ring Eyes,
Ambróſial Dews deſcend, and Incenſe riſe.
Then haſtens onward to the penſive Grove;
The ſilent * *Manſion* of diſaſtrous Love.

* *See* Virg. Æn. B. 6.

Here

Here Jealouſie with Jaundice Looks appears,
And broken Slumbers, and fantaſtick Fears.
The widow'd Turtle hangs her moulting Wings,
And to the Woods in mournful Murmurs ſings.
No Winds but Sighs are there, no Floods but Tears,
Each conſcious Tree a Tragick Signal bears.
Their wounded Bark records ſome broken Vow,
And Willow Garlands hang on ev'ry Bough.

Olivia here in Solitude he found,
Her down-caſt Eyes fix'd on the ſilent Ground:
Her Dreſs neglected, and unbound her Hair,
She ſeem'd the dying Image of Deſpair.
How lately did this celebrated *Thing*
Blaze in the Box, and ſparkle in the Ring,
Till the Green-ſickneſs and Love's force betray'd
To Death's remorſeleſs Arms th'unhappy Maid.

All o'er confus'd the guilty Lover ſtood,
The Light forſook his Eyes, his Cheeks the Blood;
An Icy Horrour ſhiver'd in his Look,
As to the cold-complexion'd Nymph He ſpoke:

Tell me, dear Shade, from whence ſuch anxious Care,
Your Looks diſorder'd, and your Boſom bare?
Why thus you languiſh like a drooping Flow'r,
Cruſh'd by the weight of ſome relentleſs Show'r?
Your languid Looks, your late ill Conduct tell;
O that inſtead of Traſh you'd taken Steel!

Stabb'd with th'unkind Reproach, the Conſcious Maid
Thus to her late inſulting Lover ſaid;

When

When Ladies liſten not to looſe Deſire,
You ſtile our Modeſty, our want of Fire.
Smile or Forbid, Encourage or Reprove,
You ſtill find Reaſons to believe we love:
Vainly you think a Liking we betray,
And never mean the peeviſh Things we ſay.
Few are the Fair Ones of *Ruſilla*'s make,
Unask'd ſhe grants, uninjur'd ſhe'll forſake:
But ſev'ral *Celias*, ſev'ral Ages boaſt,
That like, where Reaſon recommends the moſt.
Where heav'nly Truth and Tenderneſs conſpire,
Chaſt Paſſion may perſwade us to deſire.

Your Sex, he cry'd, as Cuſtom bids, behaves;
In Forms the Tyrant tyes ſuch haughty Slaves.
To do nice Conduct Right, you Nature wrong;
Impulſes are but weak, where Reaſon's ſtrong.
Some want the Courage, but how Few the Flame!
They like the Thing, that ſtartle at the Name.
The lonely *Phœnix*, tho' profeſs'd a Nun,
Warms into Love, and kindles at the Sun.
Thoſe Tales of ſpicy Urns and fragrant Fires,
Are but the Emblems of her ſcorch'd Deſires.

Then as he ſtrove to claſp the fleeting *Fair*,
His empty Arms confeſs'd th'impaſſive Air.
From his Embrace th'unbody'd Spectre flies,
And as ſhe mov'd, ſhe chid him with her Eyes.

They haſten now to that delightful Plain,
Where the glad *Manes* of the Bleſs'd remain:
Where *Harvy* gathers Simples to beſtow
Immortal Youth on Heroe's Shades below.

Soon as the bright *Hygeia* was in view,
The Venerable Sage her Preſence knew.
Thus He——

Hail, blooming Goddeſs! Thou propitious Pow'r,
Whoſe Bleſſings Mortals more than Life implore.
With ſo much Luſtre your bright Looks endear,
That Cottages are Courts where Thoſe appear.
Mankind, as you vouchſafe to Smile or Frown,
Finds Eaſe in Chains, or Anguiſh in a Crown.

With juſt Reſentments and Contempt you ſee
The foul Diſſentions of the *Faculty*;
How your ſad ſick'ning Art now hangs her Head,
And once a Science, is become a Trade.
Her Sons ne'er riſle her Myſterious Store,
But ſtudy Nature leſs, and Lucre more.
Not ſo when *Rome* to th' *Epidaurian* rais'd
A * Temple, where devoted Incence blaz'd.
Oft Father *Tyber* views the holy Fire,
As the learn'd *Son* is worſhip't like the Sire:
The Sage with *Romulus* like Honours claim;
The Gift of Life and Laws were then the ſame.

I ſhow'd of old, how vital Currents glide,
And the *Meanders* of their refluent Tide.
Then, *Willis*, why ſpontaneous Actions here,
And whence involuntary Motions there:
And how the Spirits by Mechanick Laws,
In wild Careers, tumultuous Riots cauſe.

* *A Temple built at* Rome, *in the Iſland of* Tyber, *to* Æſculapius *Son of* Apollo.

Nor

Nor wou'd our *Wharton*, *Bates*, and *Gliſſon* lye
In the Abyſs of blind Obſcurity.
But now ſuch wond'rous Searches are forborn,
And *Paan*'s Art is by Diviſions torn.
Then let your *Charge* attend, and I'll explain
How her loſt Health your Science may regain.

Haſte, and the matchleſs *Atticus* Addreſs,
From Heav'n and great *Naſſau* he has the Mace.
Th' oppreſs'd to his *Aſylum* ſtill repair;
Arts he ſupports, and Learning is his Care.
He ſoftens the harſh Rigour of the Laws,
Blunts their keen Edge, and grinds their Harpy Claws;
And graciouſly he caſts a pitying Eye
On the ſad State of virtuous Poverty.
When-e'er he ſpeaks, Heav'ns! how the liſt'ning Throng
Dwells on the melting Muſick of his Tongue.
His Arguments are Emblems of his Mein,
Mild, but not faint; and forcing, tho' ſerene;
And when the Pow'r of Eloquence He'd try,
Here, Light'ning ſtrikes you; there, ſoft Breezes ſigh.

To him you muſt your ſickly State refer,
Your Charter claims him as your Viſiter.
Your Wounds he'll cloſe, and ſov'reignly reſtore
Your Science to the Height it had before.

Then *Naſſau*'s Health ſhall be your glorious Aim,
His Life ſhould be as laſting as His Fame.
Some Princes Claims from Devaſtations ſpring,
He condeſcends in pity to be King:
And when, amidſt his *Olives* plac'd, He ſtands,
And governs more by Candour than Commands:

Ev'n then not leſs a Heroe he appears,
Than when his *Laurel* Diadem he wears.

Wou'd *Phœbus*, or his *G —— le*, but inſpire
Their ſacred Veh'mence of Poetick Fire;
To celebrate in Song that God-like Pow'r,
Which did the lab'ring Univerſe reſtore;
Fair *Albion*'s Cliffs wou'd Eccho to the Strain,
And praiſe the Arm that Conquer'd, to regain
The Earth's Repoſe, and Empire o'er the Main.

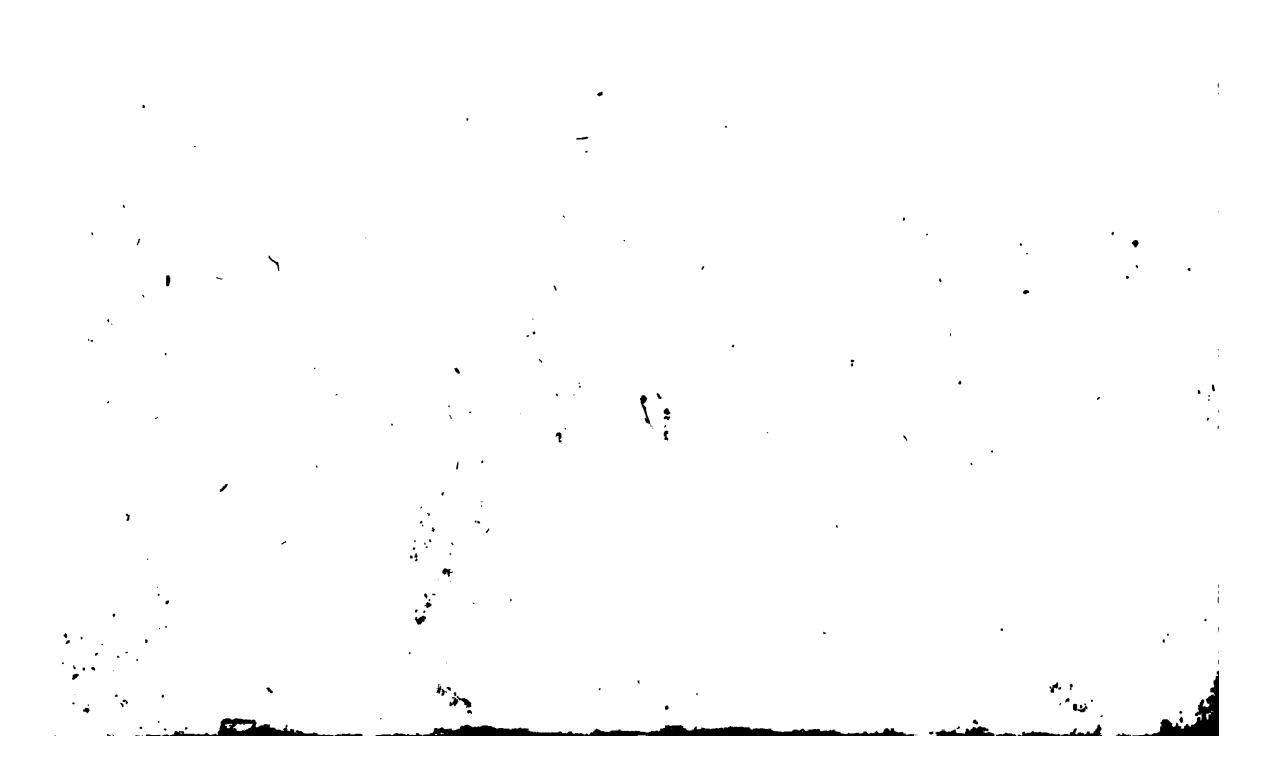
Still may th'immortal Man his Cares repeat,
To make his Bleſſings endleſs as they're great:
Whilſt *Malice* and *Ingratitude* confeſs
They've ſtrove for Ruin long without Succeſs.
When late, *Jove's* * Eagle from the Pyle ſhall riſe
To bear the Victor to the boundleſs Skies,
Awhile the God puts off Paternal Care,
Neglects the Earth to give the Heav'ns a Star.
Near Thee, † *Alcides*, ſhall the Heroe ſhine;
His Rays reſembling, as his Labours, Thine.

Had ſome fam'd *Patriot*, of the *Latin* Blood,
Like *Julius* Great, and like *Octavius* Good,
But thus preſerv'd the *Latian* Liberties,
Aſpiring Columns ſoon had reach'd the Skies:
Loud *Io's* the proud Capitol had ſhook,
And all the Statues of the Gods had ſpoke.

No more the Sage his Raptures cou'd purſue:
He paus'd; and *Celſus* with his Guide withdrew.

* *Read the Ceremony of the Apotheoſis.*
† *Hercules, a Conſtellation near* Ariadne's *Crown.*

FINIS.



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OF THE
DISPENSARY.

Gar. Sir Samuel

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12-14-32 MRK

A

Compleat KEY

TO THE

DISPENSARY.

In the first COPY of VERSES

To Dr. *GARTH*, upon the *Dispensary*.

Lin. 2. LIKE * M——gue's *could a just Piece sustain*,

* Charles Mountague, *Lord* Halifax.

Lin. 15. *When* † S——rs *Charming Eloquence*.

† The Lord *Somers*, formerly Lord Chancellor.

Lin. 20. *What* * D——s *can't condemn, nor* † D——n *mend.*

* *Dennis*, a ſower, ſupercilious and ill-natur'd Critick and Poetaſter.

† *Dryden*, a famous Poet.

In the Second COPY of VERSES, written by the late Colonel CODRINGTON, Governor of the *Leeward Iſlands.*

Lin. 13. THE *Nymph has* [1] G—n's [2] C——l's, [3] C—l's *Charms.*

[1] The Dutcheſs of *Grafton.*

[2] *Cecil's*, the late Counteſs of *Salisbury.*

[3] The Lady—— *Churchil*, one of the Duke of *Marlborough*'s Daughters.

Lin. 22. Lucretius, Horace, [1] S——d, [2] M——ue,

[1] *Sheffield*, the Duke of *Buckingham* and *Normanby.*

[2] *Montague*, Lord *Halifax.*

Lin. 27. *Facetious* [1] M—— *and the City*, [2] B——

[1] *Mirmil*, Dr. *Gibbons.*

[2] The *City Bard*, Sir *Richard Blackmore.*

H——s,

Lin. 36. *H——s*, Dr. *Hans.*

Lin. 37. R——*e*, Dr. *Ratcliffe.*

Lin. 39. *M——l's*, i. e. *Mirmil's*, Dr. *Gibbons.*

Lin. 42. *W——b*, the late *William Walſh*, Eſq;

Lin. 43. To [1] *S——s* and to [2] *D——t* too ſubmit,

[1] The Lord *Somers.*

[2] The late Earl of *Dorſet.*

CANTO I.

Pag. Ver.

5 2. *Reat Naſſau*, the late King *WILLIAM*, of GLORIOUS and IMMORTAL MEMORY.

8. *Why* * S—— *rages to ſurvive deſire.*

* *Scarſdale*, the late Lord of that Name.

10. *Whence Tropes to* [1] F——, *or Impudence to* [2] S——

[1] *Finch*, the preſent Lord *Guernſey*.

[2] *Sloan*, a late Lawyer, famous in *Weſtminſter-Hall for his Vociferation and Impudence.*

Urim

Pag. Ver.

8 16. Urim *was Civil*, &c.

What *fiery Divine* is here meant by *Urim*, is eaſie to gueſs: 'tis but looking over the Liſts of the *Prolocutors*, and of the Prelates that have filled the See of *Rochester*, and then conſider which of them the Character of *Urim* fits beſt.

9 16. *NASSAU*, the late King *WILLIAM*.

CANTO

CANTO II.

Pag. Ver.

15 27.

† Heroine *ſhall* Albion's *Scepter bear.*

† Queen *Anne*, whoſe Triumphs ſhall ever ſhine in *Britiſh* Annals.

16 9. Colon—— Mr. *Lee*, an Apothecary.

27. Horoſcope, *Dr.* Barnard.

17 10. *Finds Senſe in* * Br—— *Charms in Lady* † G—— e.

* The late Sir *William Brownlow.* † *Grace*, the late Lady *Grace Pierrepoint.*

19 3. Colon—— Mr. *Lee.*

4. Horoſcope, *Dr.* Barnard.

20 Squirt—— *Dr.* Barnard's *Man.*

CANTO

CANTO III.

Pag. Ver.

25 4. COLON —— *Mr.* Lee.

6. *And* * S—— *Works.*

* *Sutton*, a late Quack Doctor, and indefatigable Scribbler.

28 6. Horoscope } *Dr.* Bernard.
14. Magus. }

10. *Tyro's*, Apprentices.

24. *Diasenna*; either Mr. *Dare* an Apothecary, or according to others, Mr. *Figge*, late Master of the *Apothecary's* Company.

Pag. Ver.

32 4. *For* * S——rs *has the Seal and* † Naſſau *reigns.*

* *Somers*, the Lord *Somers*, late Lord Chancellor.

4. *Naſſau*, the late King *WILLIAM.*

21. *Colocynthis*, Mr. *Baron*, an *Apothecary.*

33 6. *Ruſſel*, Mr. a famous *Undertaker*, or *Upholder.*

34 24. *Aſcarides*, Mr. *Bridges* and Mr. *Parrot*, two *Apothecaries.*

CANTO

CANTO IV.

Pag. Ver.

39 1. *Requented Theatre* : The *Playhouſe* in *Drury-Lane*, near *Covent-Garden*.

5. *Bently*, a late Bookſeller in *Great Ruſſel-Street*.

6. *Briſcoe*, another Bookſeller, late of *Covent-Garden*, and formerly Mr. *Bently*'s Prentice.

11. *When* * Bur——ſs *deafens all the liſt'ning Preſs*.

* Dr. *Burgeſs*, a famous *Presbyterian* Preacher.

13. *Myſterious* † F——n

† Dr. *Freeman*, late Rector of *Covent-Garden*.

40 21. } Mirmillo : Dr. *Gibbons* of *King-Street*,
29. } *Covent-Garden*.

Pag. Ver.

42 6. Askaris: Mr. *Parrot*, an Apothecary.

27. Querpo: Dr. *Hom*.

43 7. Carus: Dr. *Tyson*, Physician of *Bedlam*.

44 4. * M—— *Works entire, and endless Reams of* † B——m.

* Dr. *Henry Moor*'s Works.

† B——m, Mr. *Bloom*, the late Editor of Books by Subscription.

5. —— *neglected* C——s: Dr. *Collins*.

6. } Carus: Dr. *Tyson*.
8. } ——

9. } Umbra: Dr. *Colt*.
13. } ——

23. * C—— *a* Lycurgus, *and a* Phocion † R——

* Sir *Henry Colt*, late Member of Parliament for *Westminster*.

† Mr. *Anthony Rowe*.

24. Horoscope: Dr. *Bernard*.

45 1. Vagellius: Sir *Barth. Shore*, a late Lawyer, famous for Declamation.

9. * Or——d *suspected*; † D——b *innocent*.

* The Earl of *Orford*.

† The late Sir *Charles Duncomb*.

Arms

Pag. Ver.

43 24. *Arms* meet with *Arms*, &c. Verses quoted out of Dr. *Blackmore*'s King *Arthur*, and Prince *Arthur*.

45 22. Read * W——, *consider* † D—— *well.*

* Mr. *Wycherly*, a Poet famous for Solid Wit and Sense.

† Mr. *Dryden*, a late Poet, who will ever be famous for good Versification.

25. If * D——'s *sprightly Muse.*

* The late Earl of *Dorset.*

29. ——Th' *immortal Brows of* * A——n.

* Mr. *Addison*, a famous Poet bred at *Oxford.*

47 2. *Tuneful* C——ve: Mr. *Congreve*, a Poet principally famous for his *Pastorals* and *Dramatick* Writings.

6. St——: The late Mr. *Stepney.*

7. P——: Mr. *Matthew Prior*, a Poet.

8. Sequana: the *Seine*, the River that runs through *Paris.*

17. M——ue's, *Montague*, Lord *Halifax.*

Pag. Ver.

49 10. *And each bright* * Churchill of the Galaxy.

* A high, nice, and juſt Complement the Author pays to the Duke of *Marlborough*'s Daughters.

51 19. *Sir* Scrape-Quill———— Any UPSTART in the City, or at Court.

23. Spadillio: A Footman, who has got an Eſtate: I ſuppoſe the Author means Mr. *A*—— *M*——.

52 6. *Shall for a* H——, *a greater* M—— *find.*

* *Heſſe*, the late Prince of *Heſſe Darmſtadt.*

† *Mordaunt*, the Earl of *Peterborow* and *Monmouth*, who took *Barcelona*, after the Death of the Prince of *Heſſe*.

CANTO

CANTO V.

Pag. Ver.

55 &

MIRMILLO, Dr. *Gibbons.*

56. 19. *Have I made* *S——th, and* †Sh——ck *disagree?*

*Dr. *South*, Prebendary of *Westminster*, and Dr. † *Sherlock*, late Dean of St. *Paul's*, and Master of the *Temple*, who wrote against one another about the TRINITY; and so managed the Controversy that the Publick were of Opinion, That the first proved there is but One GOD; and the other, That there are Three. The Dispute was ridiculed in a Ballad, to the Tune of *A*

Pag. Ver.

Soldier and a Sailer, &c. and which begins thus,

A Dean and Prebendary,
Had once a new Vagary, &c.

21. *F——ſon*, Ferguſon, the famous *Plot-Monger*.

57 21. *Let* † P—— *ſpeak*, and * V——k write.

† The Earl of *Peterborow*.

* Mr. *Vanbruck*: A Gentleman much cry'd up for his Dramatick Pieces, when the *Diſpenſary* was firſt writ; but who has ſince turned his Genius to *Architecture*.

50 25. *Had* * C——h *printed nothing of his own*,

26. *He had not been the* † S——fold *of the Town*.

Dr. *Colbatch*.

† *Saffold*, a celebrated Empirick, whoſe Bills were formerly ſet up in all Publick *Diuretick* Places in *London* and *Weſtminſter*, to the great Comfort and Entertainment of idle Country-Folks.

Had

Pag. Ver.

58 1. *Had* †W—— *never aim'd in Verſe to pleaſe.*

Mr. † *Weſtley*, a Divine, who has wrote a great deal of *Holy Doggrel.*

2. Ogilby's: Mr. *Ogilby* would have perhaps got ſome Reputation, if he had aſpired no higher than *Reynard the Fox:* But having ventur'd to tranſlate in Verſe the ſublimeſt *Latin* Poets, his Name will, as long as the *Engliſh* Tongue lives, ſignify a *Poetaſter.*

8. *And to a* * B——ly *'tis we owe a* † B——le.

* Dr. *Bently*, Keeper of the Royal Library.

† *Charles Boyle*, the preſent Earl of *Orrery.*

Towards the cloſe of the laſt Century, There aroſe a Diſpute between thoſe two Gentlemen, about the Epiſtles of *Phalaris*, which was maintain'd with a great deal of *Urbanity* and *good Manners* on one Side, and with equal *Sufficiency* and *Pedantry* on the other Side.

19. Mirmillo: Dr. *Gibbons.*

59 9. ——

19. ——

Querpo:

Pag. Ver.

59 22. Querpo: Dr. *How*.

24. *By* Mulciber *the Mayor of* Birmingham.

Every one knows that *Mulciber* was one of the Heathen Gods, otherwise called *Vulcan*; But 'tis the Opinion of many, that our Poet means here Mr. Th—— *Fol*—— a Lawyer of notable Parts.

60 13. } Querpo: Dr. *How*.
25. } ——

19. Querpoides: Dr. *How*'s Son.

26. Carus: Dr. *Tyson*.

62 20. *That* * P——k's *Worth, and* † O——'s *Valour tells.*

* The Earl of *Pembroke*.

† The Duke of *Ormond*.

21. *How Truth in* * B——, *how in* † C——sh *reigns.*

* *Burnet*: The late Bishop of *Sarum*.

† *Cavendish*: The Duke of *Devonshire*.

If

Pag. Ver.

62 24. *If* † W—— *plead, or* * S—— *or* || O——*ly preach.*

† Sir *Francis Winnington.*

* Dr. *South.*

|| Dr. *Only*, Miniſter at St. *Margaret's.*

28. Stentor, Dr. *Goodall*, of the *Charter-houſe.*

63 1. Machaon, Sir *Tho. Millington*, Preſident of the College of Phyſicians.

65 6. Stentor, Dr. *Goodall.*

7. Carus Dr. *Tyſon.*

8. Colon: Mr. *Lee.*

Sertorius: A Phyſician.

12. Chiron: Dr. *Gill.*

Talthibius. Another Phyſician.

16. Pſylas: Dr. *Chamberlayne*, Man-Midwife.

Hermes,

Pag. Ver.

64 29. Hermis. A Phyſician.

66 3. Triſmegiſts. Two other Phyſicians.

19. Stentor : Dr. *Goodall.*

20. Querpo : Dr. *How.*

4. Querpoides : Dr. *How's* Son.

68 14. The Heroe ; Dr. *How.*

CANTO VI.

Pag. Ver.

71 6. AND *horrem* * C——le's *Shape, and* † G——'s *Air.*

* *Cecile:* The late Countess of *Salisbury.*

† The Dutchess of *Grafton.*

7. *Her Eyes like* * R——gh's *their Beams dispense.*

* The Countess of *Ranelagh.*

With

Pag. Ver.

71 8. *With* *C——ll's *Bloom, and* †B——ley's *Innocence.*

* *Churchill*, one of the Duke of *Marlborough's* Daughters.

† The Counteſs of *Berkley.*

12. Machaon: Sir *Tho. Millington.*

72 5. } Celſus: Dr. *Bateman*, a Phyſician.
9. }

18. Strimonian *Squadron*: *i. e.* The *Cranes.*

19. *The Delegates*: } Dr. *Bateman.*
27. *Heav'nly Guide.* }

75 7. Hygeia, *the* Goddeſs *Health.*

8. Celſus: Dr. *Bateman.*

20. *Gopious* M——: Dr. *Moore.*

77 7. Celſus: Dr. *Bateman.*

Guiacum

Pag. Ver.

78 4. Guiacum: Mr. *Hobbs*, Surgeon.

13. Celſus: Dr. *Bateman*.

20. *Bleſs'd* Harvey: The late famous Dr. *Harvey*, who completed the Diſcovery of the *Circulation of the Blood*.

79 8. Celſus: } Dr. *Bateman*.
26. Delegate: }

80 9. Olivia } Whoever has the leaſt Knowledge of the Town, and *Beau Monde*, will eaſily know where to fix theſe three *fictitious Names*.

81 7. Ruſilla: }

9. Gælia: }

82 1. Hygeia: Health.

24. Willis: Dr. *Willis*.

83 1. Wharton, Bates, *and* Gliſſon: Three Doctors of Phyſick.

5. *Your* Charge: Dr. *Bateman*.

Pag. Ver.

7. *Matchleſs* Atticus: The Lord *Somers*, then Lord Chancellor.

8. Great *NASSAU*: The late KING *WILLIAM*.

34 3. *Would* Phœbus, *or, his* * G——le, *but inſpire.*

* *Granville*, the preſent Lord *Lanſdowne.*

VERSES

VERSES omitted in the late Editions of the *Diſpenſary*.

Canto I. Page 5. after *Impudence to* S——e, add

WHY *Atticus* polite, *Brutus* ſevere;
Why *Me——n* muddy, *M——gue* why clear.

Ibid. Page 9. after *and thus went on.*

Sometimes among the *Caſpian* Cliffs I creep,
Where ſolitary Bats and Swallows ſleep.
Or if ſome Cloyſter's Refuge I implore,
Where holy Drones o'er dying Tapers ſnore;
Still *Naſſau*'s Arms a ſoft Repoſe deny,
Keep me awake, and follow where I fly.

Since he has bleſs'd the weary World with Peace,
And with a Nod has bid *Bellona* ceaſe:
I ſought the Covert of ſome peaceful Cell,
Where ſilent Shades in harmleſs Raptures dwell;
That Reſt might paſt Tranquillity reſtore,
And Mortal never interrupt me more.

Canto II. Page 15. after *unrelenting Storm.* add

Then ſhe: Alas! how long in vain have I
Aim'd at thoſe noble Ills the Fates deny;
Within this Iſle for ever muſt I find
Diſaſters to diſtract my reſtleſs Mind?
Good *T——n's* Celeſtial Piety
At laſt has rais'd him to the Sacred See.
So——rs does ſick'ning Equity reſtore,
And helpleſs Orphans are oppreſs'd no more.
Pem——ke to *Britain* endleſs Bleſſings brings;
He ſpoke; and Peace clap'd her Triumphant Wings:
Great *O——nd* ſhines illuſtriouſly bright
With Blazes of Hereditary Light.
The noble Ardour of a Royal Fire
Inſpires the generous Breaſt of *D——re.*
And *M——d* is active to defend
His Country with the Zeal he loves his Friend.
Like *Leda's* radiant Sons divinely clear,
P——land and *J——ſey* deck'd in Rays appear,
To gild by turns the *Gallick* Hemiſphere.
Worth in Diſtreſs is rais'd by *M——gue,*
Auguſtus liſtens if *Mæcenas* ſue.
And *Ve——n's* Vigilance no ſlumber takes,
Whilſt Faction peeps abroad, and Anarchy awakes.

Canto III. Page 29. after *diſcern each hour,* add

Thou that would'ſt lay whole *States* and *Regions* waſte,
Sooner than we thy *Cormorants* ſhould faſt;

Ibid.

Ibid. Page 31. after *Spring and Fall*, add

But now late Jars our Practices detect,
For Mines, when once diſcover'd, loſe th' Effect.
Diſſentions, like ſmall Streams, are firſt begun,
Scarce ſeen they riſe, but gather as they run:
So Lines that from their Parallel decline,
More they advance, the more they ſtill diſjoyn:
'Tis therefore my Advice, in haſte we ſend,
And beg the Faculty to be our Friend.
As he revolving ſtood to ſay the reſt,
Rough *Colocynthis* thus his Rage expreſt.

Canto IV. Page 46. after *amorous Fire*, add

The *Tyber* now no gentle *Gallus* ſees,
But ſmiling *Thames* enjoys her *No——by's.*

Canto V. Page 63. after *Foes, or die*, add

What Stentor offer'd was by moſt approv'd;
But ſev'ral Voices ſev'ral Methods mov'd.
At length th' adventrous *Heroes* all agree
T' expect the Foe, and act offenſively.
Into the Shop their bold *Batallions* move,
And what their Chief commands the reſt approve.
Down from the *Walls* they tear the *Shelves* in haſte,
Which on their Flank for Palliſades are plac'd.
And then, behind the Compter rang'd they ſtand,
Their Front ſo well ſecur'd t' obey Command.

And now the Scouts the adverſe Hoſt deſcry,
Blue Aprons in the Air for Colours fly:
With unreſiſted Force they urge their way,
And find the Foe embattel'd in Array.

Ibid. Page 67. after *wink at Hereſy*, add

Faith ſtand unmov'd thro' *S——fleet*'s Defence,
And *L——k* ſee Myſtery abandon Senſe.

A Con-

A Continuation

OF THE

K E Y.

Mirmillo, Dr. *Gibbons*
Stentor, Dr. *Goodall*
Bard, Sir *Richard Blackmore*
Celſus, Dr. *Bateman*
Machaon, Dr. *Millington*
Atticus, *Lord Chancellor* Somers
Carus, Dr. *Tyſon*
Querpo Dr. *Hiern*
Brutus, Ld. Ch. Juſt. *Holt*
Horoſcope *and* Magus, Dr. *Barnard*
Colocynthis *Dove*, an Apothecary
Vagellius Serjeant *Darnell*
Colon *Lee* an Apothecary
S——, *Sands*
M——n, *Methwin*
Br——w, *Brownlow*
Sn——ds, Dr. *Salmonds*
Aſcarides *Bridges* and *Parrot*
C——s,

C——s,	Dr. *Collins*
Scribarius,	Dr. *Lyster*
Psylas,	Dr. *Woodward*
C——h,	*Colebatch* Chirurgeon
O——y	*Onely*, Parson of St. *Martins*
A——on,	*Addison*
Umbra,	Dr. *Gould*
C——t,	Sir *H. Colt*
R——,	*Rew*
C——ls,	*Cecills*
Hygea,	The *Goddess of Health*
Delegate *and* Celsus,	Dr. *Garth*
P——ps,	*Phillips*
Guiacum	Dr. *Hobbs*
Ch——ll's	*Churchill's*
Mulciber,	*Tho Foley*
Chiron,	Dr. *Gill*
Lucina,	Dr. *Chamberlayn*
Pausanias,	a Play by *Norton*.

A PRO-

A

PROLOGUE

Designed for

TAMERLANE,

Spoke on the *IRISH* Theatre by

Mr. *MOORE;*

Written by Dr. *GARTH.*

TO Day a Mighty Monarch comes to warm
Your Curdling Blood, and bids You
Britains *Arm.*

To Valour much he owes, to Virtue more,
He fights to save, and conquers to restore:

He

He ſtrains no Text, nor makes Dragoons perſuade,
He likes Religion, but he hates the Trade;
Born for Mankind, they by his Labours live;
Their Property is his Prerogative:
His Sword deſtroys leſs than his Mercy ſaves,
And none except his Paſſions, are his Slaves.
Such, Britains! *is the* PRINCE *that you poſſeſs,*
In Council greateſt, and in Camps no leſs;
Brave, but not Cruel, Wiſe without Deceit,
Born for an Age, Curs'd with a Bajazet:
But you diſdaining to be too ſecure,
Ask his Protection, and yet grudge his Power.
With you a Monarch's Right is in Diſpute,
Who gives Supplies are only Abſolute:
Britains! *for ſhame your Factious Feuds decline,*
Too long you've labour'd for a Bourbon *Line:*
Aſſert loſt Rights, an Auſtrian *Prince alone,*
Is born to nod upon the Spaniſh *Throne;*

A Cauſe no leſs could on great EUGENE *call,*
Steep Alpine *Rocks require an* Hannibal:
He ſhews You your loſt Honour to retrieve,
Our Troops will fight when once the Senate *give;*
Quit your Cabals and Factions, and in ſpite
Of WHIG *and* TORY, *in this Cauſe unite;*
One Vote will then ſend Anjou *back to* France,
There let the Meteor end his airy Dance:
Elſe to the Mantuan *Soil he may repair,*
(E'en abdicated Gods were Latium's *Care,)*
At worſt he'll find ſome Corniſh *Burrough here.*

FINIS.